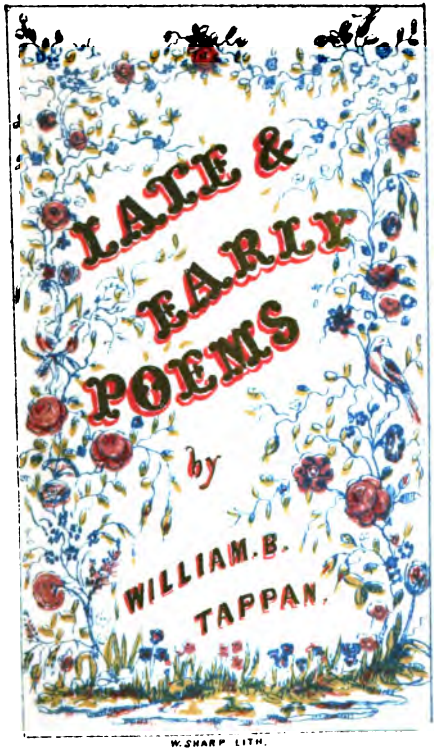

W. SHARP LITH.

LATE AND EARLY POEMS,

BY

WILLIAM B. TAPPAN.

WORCESTER:

JONATHAN GROUT, JR.

MDCCCXLIX.

STEREOTYPED AT THE
BOSTON TYPE AND STEREOTYPE FOUNDRY.

DEDICATION.

TO

MY FATHER AND MOTHER IN HEAVEN.

LATE AND EARLY POEMS is an appendix to the series of my revised volumes, and completes my published Poetical Works.

W. B. T.

1849.

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LATE AND EARLY POEMS.

IN THIS FAIR SABBATH SUN.

In this fair Sabbath sun
  I see a golden light —
Beams from the throne of glory won,
  To radiate my night.

In this calm Sabbath hour
  A witching voice I hear —
Tones, breathing from an angel's bower,
  To soothe my weary ear.

My heart, to catch that ray,
  Leaps upward from its clod, —
Expatiates in the fields of day,
  And gladly soars to God.

My soul, to join that song,
  At once from slumber springs, —
And, tired of cares that lingered long,
  Takes her immortal wings;

And sees, outshining thrones,
  Her Lord-Redeemer's face; —
And sweeps a harp of loftier tones
  To Calvary and grace.

How pales that orb of fire,
  Where beams celestial shine!
How dies a loyal angel's lyre
  In company with mine!

THE PARADOX.

AFFLICTED by the serpent's bite,
  For Israel's help it came to pass
That Moses lifted one in sight,
  And they were healed who looked on brass.
Preposterous the behest, and blind
To all philosophy of mind!

Preposterous — for the nervous will,
  In unison with Nature's laws,
Of malady beguiles the ill
  By wise oblivion of the cause.
Let thought, deceived, diverted, shun
The subject, and the cure is won.

Wounded by Satan's fiery fang,
  The bleeding, helpless sinner lies;

He writhes and wrestles with the pang
  Of hell, and if unaided, dies.
That aid the felon-cross can give; —
Look, dying sinner! look, and live.

Yes, rise from deepest depths, and claim
  A seat beyond the shining stars,
By gazing on the tree of shame —
  By weeping o'er those dreadful scars.
'Tis wondrous! yet God sees the cross
His glory and the devil's loss.

He takes not our inferior plan
  By which to regulate his own;
Unfathomable is to man
  The justice of the Sovereign's throne;
Yet brought to Truth's unerring light,
It stands forever firm and right.

NOT ALL A DREAM.

THE Soul would wake; but Sleep
O'erpowers and wraps her in his leaden arms;
The slumbers of the spirit are so deep,
No whispers break them, and no rude alarms.

We sleep, and idly dream;
And we behold, as in a mirroring glass,
Shadows of earth, that real seem,
Before the eye in quick succession pass.

Intangible, yet true, —
They give impression, and they fashion mind;
As soon as seen — though vanishing from view —
The flickering shapes their image print behind.

A joy, a sorrow, leaves
Its silent footmark where it trails;
We may forget; but what the Soul receives
In charge to keep, to keep, she never fails.

A thought which Childhood takes,
Dropped carelessly, — a little wayside seed, —
Through Manhood's soil in sturdy vigor breaks,
A tree of leaves and fruits, or useless, baleful weed.

The hymn and holy text,
Spelt by the mother to her infant care —
Will soothe in future day the bosom, vext,
Prompt heavenly toil, and edge the sword of prayer.

A silly song or jest,
Caught by the dreamer-boy, is lodged within;

Till reappears the active winged pest,
To plague old age and mock death's hour
with sin.

Thus far the Dream of Life; —
Ere long shall tutor Time resign his task,
And learners will be masters in a strife
Where Wisdom holds the scale and Folly
drops the mask.

'Tis something more, — O God,
This awful influence is too true *to seem*; —
That which prepares for guilt a dreadful
rod,
For piety a crown, is not a dream!

All mortal visions fade; —
Their witchery dies, as dies at morn the night.
One deed of mercy on the altar laid
Through Heaven's unwasting Day shall grow
more bright.

THE UNNAMED.

To the individual who lately rescued a fellow-being from drowning, at the imminent hazard of his own life, and when requested to give his name, refused, saying, "*It is no matter—nobody cares a copper for me.*"

O, SAY not the world deems but lightly of one
Who shows just the virtue it seeks to adore;
Or that, wedded to counterfeits only, 'twill shun
The soul that is stamped of the genuine ore.

I know not thy kin, whether beggars or czars;
Whether Fashion has chilled thee with meaningless smile;
Or Beauty bewildered with blaze of her stars,
Or Folly has courted and won thee with wile.

I know not if thou wast by Falsehood be-
guiled;
A wanderer full long; perhaps loving to
roam;
I care not — thy action betrays thee a child
Whose thoughts are to goodness, whose
heart is at home!

The liberal, the godlike, have every where
claim
In him who to pity is fearlessly true;
Humanity knows him. — *Who* says that his
name
Is veiled in oblivion, or whispered by few?

God knows and approves him — 'tis fitting
he should!
Unselfish benevolence fills up the plan
Whose outline and finish reveal: "Very
Good"

Inscribed on the best of his handy works,
MAN!

Unnamed and yet known!—not a speck in the crowd;
No waif of the desert, no wreck of the sea;—
A nobleman, purely from nature!—I'm proud
Of the race thou exaltest, thy country and thee!

1848.

GOD'S CARE FOR ALL.

TO BOYS AND GIRLS.

Deuteronomy, xxii. 6.

THUS said Jehovah to the Jew,
And thus, my boy, he says to you,—
For in the ritual of his grace,
Or penal law, hath pity place,—
"If, loitering lad! by welcome chance,
Or purposely, thy searching glance
Detect a bird's nest in the hedge,
On tree-top, or the craggy ledge,
And thou, for liberal waif, wouldst take
The callow young, thou shalt not make
The plundered parent-bird a prey,
But let her, scathless, fly away.

Contented with thy precious gain,
Give her no aggravated pain.
Thou mayst not, in thine idleness
Or pleasure, trifle with distress,
But, sparing her the needless woe,
In any wise shalt let her go.
Thus, from unrighteous action free,
It surely shall be well with thee;
And thou, in healthy virtue strong,
Thy days in plenty shalt prolong."

What learn you from such petty care
For helpless tenants of the air,
In HIM, whose sounding chariot-wheel
Made Sinai to its centre reel—
When he, in storm, and smoke, and
flame,
Named to the world his wondrous Name?
Ah, little boy! whose crushing foot
On harmless worm you sometimes put—

Ah, little girl! whose eager eye
Watches on window-pane the fly,
That you may rend its shining wing—
It is to prove the smallest thing
May in Creative Mercy share,
And is within its love and care.
Remember that no hateful sin
So crusts the heart and eats within,
As cruelty. None strikes its roots
Like cruelty. None sooner shoots,
Luxuriant, its detested fruits,
Than cruelty—a loathsome spot
On man; on youth—O, name it not!
As you, in your extremest hour,
Will mercy need, when judgments lower—
As you, for Jesus' sake, will crave
Exemption from an endless grave—
The mercy which our FATHER gives,
Show to the meanest thing that lives!

THE GAMBLERS.

A FACT.

'Twas in the old Cathedral, at midnight:
Before the altar burned unwonted light,
Which deepened darkness on the fretted wall,
Where hung mysterious shadows, like a pall.
Within the chancel sat men, void of shame,
At the communion-table, deep in game.
Three mocking wretches impiously were
Joined in the sacrilege. A *fourth* was there!
That fourth a ghastly corpse, which had that day
In the damp vault been laid with kindred clay,
Now dragged by these blasphemers from its bed
To help at cards. Uncoffined, the grim dead

Sat thus in chilling silence, while their noise
Went on, nor heeded their infernal joys.

FUNERAL OF BISHOP WHITE.

WHAT meaneth this great concourse? Yet they come,
Crowds gathering on crowds. It is not festival—
It looketh not like mirth. Subdued and still
Men range themselves, and every face doth wear
Expression of deep grief. 'Tis scarce high noon,
Yet is the daily hum of voices hushed;
Footsteps fall lightly, as 'twere holy time;
Labor doth pause, and Commerce rests his wheel;

The merchant's not on 'Change; the shop is
shut
Of artisan. Unwonted silence reigns;—
And hither on his journey comes the dead!
By reverend presbyters and fathers borne,
By numerous footsteps of bereaved men,
And by the blessings of a people followed,
Full of ripe years and honors, to the tomb
Goeth a good old man—the patriarch
Of ninety winters.

Is the Bishop dead?

Yes, in his season, like a shock of corn,
Ripe, fully, he is gathered. We may mourn
That he no more is with us; and yet tears
Seldom are blended with so much of joy
At recollection of departed worth.
No more may he, in deep humility,
Plead for his Master. Counsels, fraught with
love,

Shall from his lips, like dew, distil no more.
No more that form, majestic, shall be seen, —
Relic of by-gone days, — within our streets,
Aweing the base, and gladdening the good.
That form is in the dust. He hath laid by
The mitre, to put on a heavenly crown, —
The earthly lawn, to wear immortal robes.
Go to thy grave, blest prelate! there are few
Lie down so peacefully. A church in tears
Attests our love; the smiles of opening heaven
Show for thee God's approval. Sainted one!
May we depart as happily, as safe.

PHILADELPHIA, 1836.

BRUTALITY.

I saw two dogs, in open street, one day,
  Fighting most madly. They were very strong,
Well shaped, and active; and they fiercely shook
And bit each other, till their strength gave way.
  They were cheered on afresh by a vile throng
Of men and vagrant boys, who idly took
Sides in the battle; betting, some on Dick,
And some on generous Neptune. Sick
  At heart, and weary of my race, I said,
"Which of the animals is *noblest*—he
  Whose savage cruelty is basely fed
By pain and blood, and who is pleased to see

Flesh torn and quivering in eager fight,—
Or he, the mismamed *brute?*" The brute, in
reason's sight.

INNOCENCE.

The golden days of Innocence
Were those when she the garden trod,—
When Adam yielded will and sense,
In sweet subjection to his God.

How swiftly flew these white-winged hours,
Each with some hue of heaven impressed!
How honored were those Eden-bowers,
Where some bright angel was a guest!

Yet Innocence may still be seen
In Childhood's presence. Who can gaze,

Unmoved, upon that brow, serene,
  That agile form, those witching ways,

That playfulness of tiny mirth,
  That lively joy — and not confess
That Innocence, still found on earth,
  May nestle in a child's caress?

And, therefore, when the painter's art
  Would sketch her charms in pleasant view,
Revealing the unpractised heart, —
  He always shows a child to you.

COMPASSION.

THE squalid woman sat beside the bed;
And on that tattered bed lay, in repose
Of death, her husband, who had died that
night.
The room was cumbered with old furniture
And dirt. Reclined upon a broken chest
Was the sick daughter, munching a poor crust.
The corpse — the widow, rocking on her seat,
In reverie of anguish — the wan child —
The poverty — sent sickness to my heart. —
Another yet was there; a neighbor-girl,
Who came with right good will and kindliness
To aid these sufferers. She the woman
soothed,
And washed and fed the child, and decently
Prepared the clay for its last narrow house.

THE HAPPY MAN.

This man is freed from servile bands
Of hope to rise, or fear to fall;
Lord of himself, though not of lands;
And having nothing, yet hath all.
Sir Henry Wotton, 1590.

THE happy man is he, whose youth
Is not in wasting pleasures spent;
In manhood strong, whose word of truth
Still answers to its strict intent.

Of humble wish, whose wish is met
By kind response from Mercy's dower;
Whom disappointments ne'er can fret,
And whom to harm, no ill hath power.

Who hath acquaintance; yet a friend,
In the true meaning of its name—

One who in absence will defend, —
  If needful, to his face will blame.

Yet hath — all other charm above —
  That rose of sweet domestic bliss,
Which, with sincere and modest love,
  Is, fresh and fragrant, bound with his; —

Which sheds about his peaceful hearth
  Perfumes of Eden; — light and life
Of heaven do surely visit earth,
  Where'er is known the virtuous wife.

Who, hand in hand with him, from bloom
  Of youth, to age, will travel on —
With hearts and hopes where love hath room,
  Till — life's race o'er — the goal is won.

With daughters who as olive plants
  Shall duly round his table be;
And sons to meet all grievous taunts, —
  His pride and crown continually.

Whose eye beyond the grave is fixed
On the bright path by angels trod;
Who goes to drink the chalice mixed
Of wondrous joy, prepared by God.

WHAT DOST THOU HERE?

O, WHY should care disturb thy breast,
And anxious hopes invade?
These cares can never yield thee rest;
These brilliant hopes shall fade:
Say, is this world to thee so dear?
Say, traveller, "What dost thou here?"

Why shouldst thou prize these fleeting joys,
And build thy heaven on earth?
Ah, soon each false enjoyment cloys,
And vain is empty mirth.

Say, can they bring true pleasure near?
Immortal, say, "What dost thou here?"

Why shouldst thou deem thy lot unkind,
When sorrow's boisterous flood
Has closed around thy darkened mind,
But brought thee near to God?
Is He not all? Is heaven not dear?
Say, weeping soul, "What dost thou here?"

THE VIGIL.

'Tis night. From beauteous Palestine
The song and minstrelsy have flown.
'Tis night. The priest forsakes the shrine,
The holy temple sits alone.

Gone is the boasting Pharisee,
The prayer and daily alms are o'er,

The unbelieving Sadducee
  Offends the sacred court no more.

Hushed are the strains that bade rejoice;
  Silent the weary and oppressed;
Lost is the maid and matron's voice, —
  For Solyma hath sunk to rest.

But where is Jesus? — Where is He,
  The man afflicted and forlorn, —
Co-equal with the Deity,
  The object of rebuke and scorn?

No follower of the Lord is here;
  For him no eyes their vigils keep;
They that have mingled tear with tear,
  Forget their woes in careless sleep.

Closed is each ear to human moan,
  Save His, who wakes to bitter care;
Hushed is each grief, but His alone
  Who weeps for man in midnight prayer.

THE WALK FROM BUFFALO.

All waste! no sign of life:
No moon, no stars, —
But behold, a fire!
Thalaba the Destroyer.

'Tis sweet to hear a brook, 'tis sweet
To hear the Sabbath bell;
'Tis sweet to hear them both at once,
Deep in a woody dell.
S. T. Coleridge.

I WALKED out once from BUFFALO, —
'Twas on a Sunday noon, —
My friend and I, intending to
Come back by rise of moon.

I walked out on a Sunday — not
To scorn my Maker's rule;
But holy time to keep, and see
A village Sunday School.

The winds were silent, and the LAKE
  Lay tranquil to the eye;
The sky was bright, the glad fields wore
  The livery of July.

I had with me a pleasant guide,
  And we had pleasant talk
About the things that lawfully
  May cheer a Sunday walk.

About the blessed Sabbath, which
  Brought Life to Death again,
When Christ passed through the prison's door,
  Where He three days had lain.

And of the better Sabbath, lit
  By no terrestrial sun;
Whose songs are from eternity, —
  Whose songs have just begun!

And thus we talked, and thus we walked
  Four miles, and something more;
And my friend stopped, and bade me look
  Along the sloping shore,

And see the houses clustering,
  Like white doves, on a hill;
The tall hotel, the modest church,
  And farther on, the mill;

The gardens and their whitened pales;
  The farms that lay without;
The cows, that idly chewed the cud;
  The lambs, that frisked about.

It was a very pleasant sight;
  NEW YORK has many such;
It was a very pleasant sight;
  My heart was gladdened much.

I praised my Maker inwardly;
  For all of goodness is

His work. Dear Lord! the city's wealth,
The villages are His.

"It is a pleasant sight," my friend
Quoth, sadly, unto me;
"But ill is there, as presently
I will relate to thee.

"It is a very gracious sight,—
An outward goodly show;
But much unquietness is there,
As thou, my friend, shalt know.

"Thou seest yonder steeple shine;
It marks the house of God;
'Tis His, and yet by worshippers
Its portals are not trod!

"The voice of music is not heard,
In rising sweetness, there;
Nor is the knee, within its doors,
Bowed lowly down in prayer.

"The man of God is heard not, now,
Who there should plead with Heaven;
Nor pleads he there, with erring men,
To seek their sin forgiven.

"The babe is never, at that font,
Presented, to be laved
In water, token of the Bath
By which it may be saved.

"The followers of Christ may ne'er
Sit at the simple board,
Where they, in tears of faith, behold
Their slain and risen Lord.

"The Holy Ghost, with heavenly wing,
As at the Pentecost—
Spreads out no wing of mercy there,
O'ershadowing the lost.

"It is a fountain, shut and sealed;
And desolation dwells

Where healing streams once issued from
Salvation's living wells."

"And whence such fearful doom?" said I;
"Its cause pray tell to me:"
My friend replied, "Few steps remain;
I'll tell it unto thee.

"In prayer we laid the corner-stone;
In hope we raised the wall;
Right glad to think that here should some
Obey the gospel's call.

"The house was done, the house by prayer
Was dedicated; then
We looked for one who faithfully
God's Bread should break to men;

"A shepherd, that would watch for souls,
Most kindly, yet most bold;
And likewise caring for the lambs
That bleat about the fold.

"It was a Christian minister
God sent us, and he came
To break the Bread of Life, and teach
In his dear Master's name.

"A shepherd, that would watch for men,
And kind he was, yet bold;
And likewise cared he for the lambs
That bleat about the fold.

"And, sweetly, from his lips the words
Of healing mercy went;
And warning, — for his soul was stirred,
And he was truly sent.

"And early taught he, late he taught,
As one that loved his toil;
As one whose blessed head was oft
Anointed with fresh oil.

"His flock, as cedars of the Lord,
Flourished beneath his care;

And o'er the tender plants he watched,
  And wept in earnest prayer.

"The Sunday School, beneath his eye,
  Grew like a pleasant vine;
And many of its precious ones
  Did unto Christ incline.

"He comforted the sin-sick child,
  Who wept for hurt within;
And showed the trembling penitent
  The Gilead for his sin.

"And when some from the bed of death
  Were called, and could not stay,
They faltered out sweet prayers, that God
  Would bless his toil alway."

"You weep," said I, "and I, perforce,
  Keep down my rising pain."
"I will proceed, and for your sake,"
  Said he, "my tears refrain.

"I will proceed, and tell to thee,
How soon this fruitful field
The devil entered, but to sow
What only tares doth yield.

"First, Christians leaned to indolence;
They went to hear the word;
But leaving prayer behind, 'twas nought
But criticism heard.

"Then faction rose, and jealousy,
And secret whisperings came;
And serpent Slander set his tooth
To blight our pastor's name.

"The sinner waxed in unbelief,
And brother hardened brother,—
And met reproof by scoffing.—'See!
How Christians love each other!'

"Our minister, in secret, wept
That this dear church again

Might rise, a Pillar of the Truth, —
  But wept and strove in vain.

"He left us; and with him the last
  Glad hope our village left:
And since, we've lain beneath the curse
  Of those of grace bereft.

"The ways of Zion mourn with us;
  None to her feasts will go;
And scoffers, stumbling at the church,
  Go down, in crowds, to woe.

"The temple's light withdrawn—the shrine
  At home is also dim;
Few prayers to God—few praises rise
  From families to Him.

"*One* little star-beam from the clouds
  Looks out, our hearts to cheer, —
The pleasant SUNDAY SCHOOL remains!
  The SUNDAY SCHOOL is here!

"Our children had on Sunday School
Their young love strongly placed;
It lives, and thrives — an oasis
Upon this desert waste!

"The mother left the house of God;
The father Him forgot;
But, praise to Christ! though they could slight
His love, the youth could not.

"The children would not be denied, —
The Sunday School was *theirs!*
And they must go and learn their hymns,
And say their simple prayers.

"If erring mothers might cast off
Religion's priceless gem,
They felt its worth, and this to lose
Might never do for *them.*

"If sires no longer looked to God,
In yonder house of prayer,

Dear Lord! the greater was the need
That *these* Thy grace should share.

"So, every Sabbath, thus they met;
Thou seest the school-house near;—
Denied God's house, that humble place
To them, indeed, was dear.

"Soon, one by one, the mothers came
To see what 'twas about;
The tasks and hymns;—the fathers too;—
And some came there to flout.

"And presently the place was filled
With old and with the young;
And when the teachers prayed, *all* prayed,—
Sung when the children sung.

"'Yet 'twas not *worship!*' so they said,—
They could not well agree
To meet with God, upon His Day,
In Christian harmony.

"And still they met—and still they meet;
And much of sad misrule
Has fled, since parent and the child
Go up to Sunday School.

"I've told my tale. Come! dry your eyes,—
Your eyes are almost dim,—
And go with me, and see the school;—
I hear the children's hymn."

The children's hymn!—'twas sweet to hear,
The opened windows through;
I wept again,—for with the tones
Strong voices mingled too.

We entered.—'Twas a blessed scene!
The room was crowded, quite;
And each fair cherub-face had on
A look of sweet delight.

Delight, that in their hymn to God
Each heart could here agree;

Delight, because they loved their School:
'Twas a blest company!

The serious parents knelt around;
In midst the children knelt;
I knelt with them, and as I prayed,
His gracious presence felt.

Prayer ended, some few words I spake
For God, and did entreat
As one whom they should see no more
Till at the judgment seat;—

And counselled, that their only strife,
Henceforth, for Heaven should be;
A numerous church, yet one—and keep
The bonds of unity.

And faltering grew my speech, till words
My tears to me denied;
I bade farewell, for I must seek
Ohio's silver tide.

Next morn, on ERIE's billow borne,
I traced my western way;
Yet pondered on that Sunday School,
That Star which tokened day.

And when in toils engaged, the thought
Of parents, mingling there,
With children, in sweet worship, caused
Involuntary prayer,

That soon, His House, no longer sealed
By discord's dreadful sin,
Again might lift its doors, and let
The King of Glory in.

O, wondrous grace! The glorious King
Came shortly down, to see
If any wept and vowed, henceforth,
They would His servants be.

To me the heavenly tidings came—
My spirit did rejoice,

That those dear wanderers had returned,
  Called by a Sovereign Voice.

And in His House, so desolate,
  Whose candle was so dim,
Again was heard the solemn prayer,
  Again the holy hymn.

And thus it was: The Sunday School,
  By child and parent trod,
Each Sabbath, opened was to them,
  Though shut the House of God.

And there they met; and soon the hymn
  And soon the prayer had power
To stir up kindly thoughts, and then
  It was a blesséd hour!

It was a blesséd hour! for soon
  The Holy Ghost, like dew,
Came gently down, and youthful hearts
  Were formed in Christ anew.

And children wept for sin, and gave
  Themselves to Christ away;
The parents!—how could they do less,
  Than weep, repent, and pray?

It was a joyful season!—broke
  For aye was Sin's misrule;
All mingled tears, and thanks, for grace
  Shown to the Sunday School.

It was a Christian minister
  God sent to them again;
He spake the truth in tenderness,—
  His word was not in vain.

The flock were humbled,—much they wept,
  And wondered for the grace
Thus shown to them, who willingly
  Had shunned their Shepherd's face.

And round the blesséd messenger
  They gathered in their love;

And He who binds the broken heart—
The Everlasting Dove—

Came down with healing in his wing;
To Christ his people were
United, as unto the vine
The clustering branches are.

And now God's House, no longer sealed
By discord's dreadful sin,
Did lift its spacious doors, to let
The King of Glory in!

I often think of BUFFALO,
And of my Sunday walk,—
My pious friend—his holy zeal—
Our profitable talk,—

And of the pleasant village, saved
From Satan's dire misrule;
And of God's instrument therein—
His chosen SUNDAY SCHOOL.

1835.

UNBELIEF.

The wizard and the Pharisee,
By Paul and Jesus taught,
Repented; but no Sadducee
The same salvation sought.
The Jordan to that leper sealed,
Eternally unclean,
He put aside the grace that healed
A Saul and Magdalene.

There's hope for one who's pandered all
In thoughtlessness, to sin,
That Wisdom's monitory call
The prodigal may win; —
But can we think the steely heart,
Encased in unbelief,
Will seek, in sweet repentance, part?
In Pardoning Love, relief?

The pearl to buy, and never sell,
Is traffic to endure;
With poverty and faith 'tis well;
Sans faith, the rich is poor.
Like him — Arabian story says —
The prince, who life had none,
He sits amid his palaces
Of stone, himself a stone.

O moral man! my spirit grieves
For thee, to whom faith seems
The cobweb of which fancy weaves
Her unsubstantial dreams.
O labyrinth-lost! who seek'st the true,
The living 'mid the dead —
I've hope for thee — thou hast a clue,
Though but a floating thread!

WISDOM FROM ALL.

My bed itself is like the grave;
My sheets the winding sheet;
My clothes the mould which I must have
To cover me most meet.
The Good Night.

'Tis well for giddy man to pause
Along his pilgrim way,
And note what all things in the path
In counsel to him say.

For he may find a precept couched
In every homely thing;
And household gear and nature's gifts
May sure instruction bring.

I wot the roof that shelters him,
The table for his meat,

The summer's shade the winter's hearth
  May rich discourse repeat.

I guess, if he attentive ear
  Lend to the peeping flower,
The germ may to his patience read
  Lessons of truth and power.

I guess, if to the full ripe corn
  He for direction look,
The tasselled corn may show him good
  Not found in Dulness' book.

The small bird in its cunning nest,
  The honey-bee in flight,
May teach him; yea, the groping mole
  May give his darkness light.

The cradle, where his cries were hushed,
  The rattle, bells, and ball, —
Mute playthings of his infant hours, —
  Have to his age a call.

The brook by which his boyhood played,
  The hill that seemed so high,
Are homilies, when scans he them
  With manhood's sobered eye.

And so — if pride no hinderance give —
  Food for all thought, profound,
The wise in heart may always pluck
  From things that lie around.

NEVINS'S SELECT REMAINS.

ON READING THE ABOVE.

> Thou soul of God's best earthly mould!
> Thou happy soul! and can it be
> That these
> Are all that must remain of thee?
>
> *Wordsworth.*

No!—there are gems transcending far
These glowing thoughts that stream and shine,
Each like a sudden sparkling star
Of radiance, on this page of thine;
Gems which I scan with fond delight,
More precious deemed at each survey—
Beautiful in affliction's night,
Undimmed in pleasure's prosperous day.

What are they? Worth, which well I knew;
Thy single, comprehensive heart,

Open to the discerning few,
  In whose warm pulse mankind had part;
Thy gentle spirit, foe to strife,
  That graced thy manhood, as thy youth;
Thy suavity in private life,
  Thy public boldness for the truth;

Thy piety and zeal for God,
  Humility, and holy care
For souls; submission to the rod,—
  Thy patience, watchfulness, and prayer;—
These, though confessed thy wisdom, wit,
  And eloquence of purest powers,
Are thy Remains, where thou dost sit
  At Jesus' feet—would such were ours!

THE FURNITURE.

So near our cradles to our coffins are.
Drummond of Hawthornden.

Two items make, of Furniture, our store,
And choicest luxury need crave no more.
They're ample for the rich; of them possessed,
Is poverty with full abundance blest.
The Cradle, where is rocked our earliest cry;
The Coffin, where in death's last sleep we lie;
And all between is superfluity,
Unworthy, mortal! such regards of thee.
Fix, then, thine eye on these, and let thy heart
Seek for its Furniture the better part,
Such as the lowly Mary chose; nor let
Inferior things thy noble spirit fret.
Thus on! till thou and I possess the land
Whose palaces are decked by God's own hand.

VERSES

WRITTEN FOR THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE PHILADELPHIA EPISCOPAL RECORDER.

If drums and bells and proud parade
  Announce to heaven a nation's day,
And stars and stripes are all displayed
  For her, released from Britain's sway, —
May *we* not sing of victories gained
  By sovereign grace o'er sense and sin? —
Of wreaths and realms, by Him obtained,
  Who wins alone, and still shall win?

On fashion's page, behold! how blaze
  The gems of love, the wit of youth!
And may not here concentrate rays
  That freely flash from diamond Truth?

While Poetry her wing doth dip
  In other than Siloa's dews,
Shall here the joyful heart and lip
  The song of gratitude refuse?

True, on our scroll, undying names
  Of royal robbers may not shine;—
The garland that ambition claims,
  To crown its crimes, we may not twine;
True, while their clarions sounded on,
  And men admired, we did not cease
To shout the deeds "Good Will" hath done,
  To chant the angels' chorus, "Peace!"

Yet *we're approved;* and when, like dreams,
  Earth's gauds and gold are swept away,
And battle's harp is hushed—our themes
  Shall live on lyres which God will play.
Here pauseth, then, the Church, to raise
  Her Ebenezer high, and sing

Of all the strait and thorny ways
  Through which she 's journeyed to her King.

She presses on! Though clouds descend,
  And often veil her Pisgah now,
Yet, strong in ancient Israel's Friend,
  Her feet shall find its topmost brow.
Remembrance of the gall drank up,
  And bitter herbs that earth hath given,
She knows will sweeter spice the cup
  That crowns the bridal-board of heaven.

Grace, Grace, aright to prompt the pen!
  Grace! skilful Grace! aright to show
How best may reach the hearts of men
  The polished shaft from Wisdom's bow.
And pen and press, and tongue and powers,
  Impartial, true, and firm and free—
Thy gifts, O God!—both we and ours
  Will consecrate again to Thee.

THE INTERCESSION.

"Well," said Mr. Raikes, "you will be ruined and lost, if you do not begin to be a good girl; and if you will not humble yourself, I must humble myself, and make a beginning for you." He then knelt down before the child's mother, and putting his hands together, like a penitent offender, asked her forgiveness.

She, in whose bosom no reproof
  Woke grief, nor chastening kindled fears;
Who, in defiance, stood aloof
  From counsel, kindness, prayers, and tears;

Deep penitence was taught to feel;
  For pardon willingly to sue,
When meek philanthropy and zeal
  Wrought what a *mother* failed to do.

Peace is restored; and *he* whose love
  Thus spake this troubled household whole

Feels the rich peace of Heaven above
  Pass like a river o'er his soul.

So shall it be with him, whose care
  Is to the weak and wandering shown;
The cruise, thus emptied for their share,
  Returns, unmeasured, for his own!

THE KITCHEN GARDEN IN A GRAVEYARD.

WHO would be buried in a city? Who
Would choose, life's labors done, to lay him down
In the scant ground, assigned as resting-place,
Where no grass grows? Or in the sullen tomb,
Loathsome, and sad, to be inurned? or lodged
'Neath solemn church, where in the dusky aisles
Are rows of vaults, on whose dark dripping doors
Never falls sunbeam? Sympathy dwells not
In crowded towns; — there Avarice hath its reign; —
Avarice, that reckoneth the very worth

And nice proportion of each petty thing
That can be coined to gold. Why, I have seen,
In this good city, a fair plot of earth —
Two hundred years ago, by good men given,
To this most sacred purpose consecrate —
Where dust with dust might lie — a spot
That opens to the sun, and shaded too
By cheerful trees, that throw their shadow o'er
The ancient graves — I've seen it girt with walls
Towering to heaven, that seemed to covet e'en
The niggard space allotted to the dead.
And in one corner of this holy soil,
With thrift, a cunning Yankee had him made
A kitchen garden! Yes, I saw the graves
Teeming with corn and greens. 'Twas sad to note
The stalk o'ertop the monuments, and vines

Spreading and curling round the stones that Time
Had spared for ages;—spared to be thus mocked
By calculating plodder, who would fain
Eat vegetables gathered from the bones
Of a dead father, and lick up the food
Grown on a mother's dust! He that would gaze
On such perversion, may himself betake
To the King's Chapel burying-ground, and weep.

BOSTON, *July*, 1839.

THE HOUSE OF REFUGE.

THOU'ST seen the boy in his bright glow
  Of spring-like promising;
Thou'st seen him in Guilt's vortex low,
  An unnamed, loveless thing;
And thou hast, Levite-like, passed on,
  Or given the fruitless sigh
To hopes that budded and were gone,
  To promises that die.

Shouldst thou not, parent, weep o'er him?
  Thou hast a darling boy!
O, what if that pure ray were dim,
  Which lights up now thy joy!
Mother! that closer to thy breast
  Pressest thy guileless son,
O, what if thou shouldst deem *her* blest,
  The *childless*, stricken one?

And he at that tribunal now,
  Was he not one to love?
Ay, on that early-troubled brow
  Sat meekness, like a dove;
And those sad eyes, in happiness,
  Gave once the laugh to care;
And that wan face wore cheerfulness,
  Which boyhood loves to wear.

Is't fit that one so fair and young
  Should be cast out from men?
Be heedlessly to ruin flung,
  As though he ne'er had been?
Bethink thee, — Admonition's lip
  Might win him from that way;
And now, well warned, he would not sip
  The sweets where danger lay.

O, save him! — yes, I know thou wilt;
  Thou canst not bid him dwell

Companion of abandoned Guilt—
  Within the felon's cell.
THE REFUGE! angels bless the plan
  That, while it holds the rod,
Restores a fallen man to man,
  A wanderer to God.

A PSALM OF SICKNESS.

> But if I must afflicted be,
> To suit some wise design,
> Then man my soul with firm resolve
> To bear, and not repine.
>
> *Robert Burns.*

SINCE this, my couch, a battle-field
  Appointed is to me,
May I all armed with holiness
  And kindly patience be.

While noble spirits boldly make
  Strong onset on the foe,
May I, in sufferance, draw the sword,
  And deal as sure a blow.

If I shout not, where trump and drum
  The army's triumphs swell,
In the soul's solitude I may
  Of equal victory tell.

Not less may these, my passive pains,
  With fortitude received,
Speak honor to my Prince, than all
  High daring hath achieved.

Not less my thankfulness for love,
  And sympathy's sweet voice,
Than all their thunder-tones of praise,
  When all the ranks rejoice.

Then, Sickness, come! and darting pains,
  That through this body fly —

For final ease, I welcome you, —
  To live, I gladly die.

With Him who leads the glorious fray,
  Whose favor gives renown,
The lowliest bearer of the cross,
  If true, shall share the crown.

A—— R——.

We saw thee in thy gladness,
  When peace sat on thy brow;
The solacer of sadness,
  The faithful friend wast thou.
To thee, in bounteous measure,
  The things below, to love,
Were given, and yet thy treasure
  Was safely lodged above.

We saw thee test the power
  Of confidence divine.
To charm life's checkered hour
  With gentleness, was thine.
And still, 'twas thy endeavor
  To take the lowly seat,
And sit with Mary, ever
  At thy Redeemer's feet.

We stood where thou wert lying
  In suffering, and so deep
The holy calm, that dying
  Was seemingly to sleep.
To sleep? — O, no! the portal
  Thus gently rent away —
Thou unto life immortal
  Did'st wake in perfect day.

We knew that while were glooming
  O'er thee the shades of night,

Thou saw'st, in vision blooming,
  The fields of living light.
We deemed — so sweetly given
  Was faith to cheer the heart,
'*Farewell! we meet in heaven*' —
  'Twas little pain to part.

The grave hath closed around thee,
  And hidden what was fair;
But yesterday, upon thee
  We wept, and left thee there.
Left! — No! the grave holds never
  What we have loved in thee:
The spirit that forever
  Searcheth eternity.

Farewell! farewell! in glory, —
  With thee for aye begun, —
If thought of earth's brief story
  Yet lingers, blessed one —

Is't not the frequent glancing,
The watch at gates of gold,
That *these*, in bliss entrancing,
Thy loved, thou mayst behold?

CHARLES RIVER.

I DO remember thee, transparent stream!
And cause there is that I should often dwell
Gratefully on the season loved so well —
Glances of which, in fancy's witching dream,
Come up in sober manhood — Childhood's hour!
When, wasted with disease, my languid frame
They plunged beneath thy waters. Newly came

By oft-repeated trial, health and power
To my unhopeful system. Strength of limb,
And renovated life, didst thou restore
To him so helpless and so dead before.
For this, while I gaze on thee, unto Him
Who scooped thy winding way, and fringed thy banks
With drapery of green, I render joyful thanks.

VERSES FOR A TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.

"Bring garlands! Time shall heedless slip
In pleasure, while we wreaths entwine;
Bring goblets!—as he flies, the lip
We'll press unto the rosy wine.
And we will laugh, for life's a dream,
Its cares not worth a passing sigh;

Be mirth and wine, to-day, our theme;
  To-morrow we, perchance, may die!"

Such was the song the siren sung,
  Ten years ago, to thoughtless men;
And such the fetters that she flung,
  Concealed in flowers, around them then.
The song is hushed, or banished, now,
  To haunts by vile inebriates trod;
To wine the wise no longer bow;
  The chain is broke; we thank thee, God!

Yes, *we* are FREE! — but who are these,
  The bloated, brutish, shackled crew,
All night who tarry at the lees,
  With morning who the cup renew?
Ah! they are *men*, though sadly sold
  To death that stings beyond the grave;
Our brethren, — minds that thou didst mould,
  O God! shall we not haste to save?

THE POWER AND LOVE OF CHRIST.

A CHILDREN'S SABBATH SCHOOL HYMN IN THE COUNTRY.

"ALL hail the Power of Jesus' Name,"
  In which the flag 's unfurled
That beckons to exalted fame —
  The conquest of a world!
For on the pennon is revealed
  Of spear and nail the scar, —
The stripes by which the sinner 's healed,
  And Mercy's guiding Star.

All hail the Love of Jesus' Name,
  That, from a heavenly crown,
Has stooped in blood, and tears, and shame,
  To bring salvation down!
Exchanging the immortal song
  For clamor's angry breath, —

The homage of a radiant throng
  For scourgings, bonds, and death.

All hail! — for He has died to save;
  Away with careless sleep!
A world suspended o'er the grave
  Should rouse, repent, and weep.
Let children's alleluias break
  The dream of unbelief, —
Hosannas from the cradle wake
  To Him who bore our grief!

The matchless Power of Jesus' Name,
  That sways with gentle rule —
The wondrous Love, that sheds its flame
  Within the Sabbath School,
These sylvan scenes shall magnify!
  On groves, fields, flowers, we call,
Yes, on the ransomed earth, to fly
  And crown Him Lord of All!

HYMN

WRITTEN FOR THE DEDICATION OF QUINCY SCHOOL-HOUSE. BOSTON, JUNE 26, 1848.

THE temple, by thy servants trod,
Men consecrate to Thee, O God!
The aisle and altar, arch and shrine,
Proud dome, and slender spire are Thine.

The pomp of praise, the power of prayer,
Ascend in sacred concert there;
The throb of joy, the tear of woe,
In voices Thou art swift to know.

No altars *here* are strown with flowers
Of joy, flung down in Sabbath hours;—

No sighs, from hearts that weep alone,
Will leave *these* precincts for the throne.

Yet holiness around us waits,
As in the temple's hallowed gates;
For where in peace the children meet,
The gracious Savior has His seat.

Though Sire of us and all, yet He,
An Infant, "slept on Mary's knee;"
And loves with youth to linger still,
To bless their good and soothe their ill.

The vital spark that came from Him,
Upon our early sky so dim,
He feeds and fans, and bids to shine
With light meridian and divine.

He wisdom's treasures can unfold,
Who teachers taught when twelve years old;
He, with His truth, can make us strong,
Who moves the starry worlds along.

Then, Lord, as precepts here shall fall
Like gentle dew, may we the call
Obey, and find Thy Presence, thus,
Not far from every one of us!

NEW YEAR THOUGHTS.

Years many I've not seen; — experience
With me is small and observation brief; —
Yet have I lived much in a little space.
My aged friend, a reverend patriarch, who
Is in the ripeness of a green old age,
And has known many changes, tells me thus:
That time, so pregnant with important deeds,
And big with matter of high moment, he
Has never seen, as the twelve months which now

Are ebbing out their last. "Has not the flood
Borne to the narrow house illustrious names;
Men famed for arts and arms, who but just now
Were here, and now are mingled with Eternity?
Has it not wafted to our ear the cry
Of the stern rider, who hath in his hand
Arrows of death, and who in haste came on,
And swept our dwellings? Have not warlike sounds
Come o'er us—not from Britain or from Gaul—
But from the bands of brethren in our midst;
Telling that fathers against sons have risen,
And brothers to meet brothers buckle on
The exterminating sword, to lay in dust
The temple reared by the old warriors' toil,
And unto Freedom consecrate with blood?"

This, and much more to sadden thought—
and yet
My friend rejoices, and to see his joy
I marvelled;—till he told me, that God
reigns,
And will protect his own. *The Church is
safe!*
Bears not that flood glad tidings of the men
Who, counting the rich sweets of home but
nought
Compared with duty, cast them freely off,
And haste to spend themselves for Christ,
abroad,
And take the Missionary's weary lot,
And lay their bones in missionary ground?
Hear we not, too, that God's unchanging Word
Is reaching nations, soon to bless the world
With life and light, of which the Shepherds'
Star,
That rose on Bethlehem, was but the sign?

That He who built the earth, and channelled
out
Its highways, the broad streams, has brought
to light
Their sources, that His word may have free
scope?
Yes, that to every continent be sent
Heralds of mercy,—and the distant isles,
Teeming with millions, unredeemed, may
soon
Be visited with Love?—And hark! what
melody
Already rises on the ear! O, different, far,
From cries of woe, with which the slave too
long
Has vexed high Heaven, is that blessed song
Of Africa, released, heard in her thousand
tents
Of prayer, and gladdening all her blooming
wastes!

And look we to our own belovéd West—
The West, whose mighty rivers and broad lands,
Whose sons of energy, proclaim that here
Is the fit stage of high and daring deed,
Of mighty plans, of mighty conflict too.
And to the combat, armed, the Church hath come;
Her panoply is sure, her hosts are out,
And she hath her munitions gathered up.
Behold them in the sanctuaries, where
Flow the glad streams of life! Behold them strown
In her fair nurseries—the Sunday Schools
That gem the prairies, and whose cheerful song
Awakes the forest. See them in the halls
Of holy Science, where the ready youth
Are furnished to their work, and issue forth
To tell of Jesus. Yes, the edifice of prayer,

The Sunday School, the seminary, tell
That soldiers of the Cross are rallying round
Her standard, and the battle is begun,
Which ceases not, till kingdoms of the earth
Become the kingdoms of the risen Christ.
THE CHURCH IS SAFE! Devils are unchained yet—
The stormy world yet heaves; men's lusts yet rage:
Till Sin is vanquished, quite, it must be so.
Roll on, impetuous tide! thou canst not harm
The Church, that, like a tower, lifts up on high
Her everlasting walls. Built on the Rock,
She looketh down, and seeth the troubled surge
Dash idly at her feet.

CINCINNATI, *January* 1, 1833.

TO A FATHER.

But lately, sire, you saw them stand,
  The four, on whom shone morning's sun,
Where two assumed the silken band
  That bound two faithful hearts in one.
But lately! — short, indeed, the time;
Yet two, in youth and beauty's prime,
Have dropped the garniture of night,
And donned the robes of dazzling light.

The first sweet seraph girded wings,
  And soared away from care and sin;
Her soul, unclogged with earthly things,
  Took heavenly joys and glories in.
And often from the world of bliss,
She bent celestial eyes on this, —
To watch o'er those who shrined her love,
And beckon them to bowers above.

The next, a bride — a mother — fled
  From all that rendered being dear;
Nay, seek her not among the dead, —
  Your gathered treasures are not here.
Yet, as from broken reeds you turn,
The lesson by experience learn
That he who nearest lives to God,
In lowliest spirit takes the rod.

We may not ask why quickly fades
  The lovely flower, or sadly die
The tints which, ere the evening shades,
  Like curtains fringe the western sky; —
The flowers we've planted in the tomb
Shall flourish with perennial bloom;
The sunset tints, ere eve is born,
Precede the saint's Immortal Morn.

COCHITUATE WATER IN BOSTON.

YOUTH'S TEMPERANCE SONG FOR THE 25TH OF OCTOBER, 1848, WHEN THE COCHITUATE WATER WAS INTRODUCED INTO BOSTON.

Our fathers and mothers had ever enough
Of wheat in the garner, or corn in the rough;
By Providence favored, their water was sure;
But O, it was stinted and terribly poor!

To-day, our good citizens, long in the dumps,
Have vowed to be free from the chain of the pumps,—
To wash and be clean, unconfined to a gill,—
Nor scold us in future for drinking our fill!

Thank God for the Lake that is fed by the spring!
Its torrents sweep by with the rush of a king;

Ay, Alcohol's conqueror merrily comes
To the shout of hurrahs and the music of drums.

Thank God for pure Water that dashes or drips,
That thunders in volume or glides to the lips:
Flow on, crystal blessing! the children shall see
Their emblem of beauty and freshness in thee.

Flow on through our Capital's breadth and its length!
Bear vigor to age, and to infancy strength;
Quench flames of destruction that glare at midnight,
Be the seal of salvation in Baptism's rite.

With sound of the trumpet and cannon and bell
Our voices, in chorus, shall sing of The Well,

Whose waters, unfailing, will rise to the brink,
And ask, in sweet murmurs, a City to drink!

THE SYRO-PHŒNICIAN.

SAID to Christ the pagan mother,
"See my daughter wasting lie;—
Thou, to human ills a brother,
Speak the mandate, lest she die."
Jesus answered not a word;
Pity's pleading was unheard.

Till, reminded of her sorrow,
Cumbers He her hope with clogs;—
"Children's bread we may not borrow,
Casting it to Gentile dogs."
Jesus at the wounded flings
Arrows barbed with bitter stings.

Nothing daunted by the trial,
  Then the noble woman spake:
"Truth, O Lord, yet no denial!
  Thus thy argument I break: —
When the plenteous banquet comes,
Dogs may always eat the crumbs."

This was faith's surprising power; —
  Jesus could the woe dispel,
And in mercy's healing hour,
  Send that devil back to hell.
So he did — but 'twas his part
Thus to prove a trusting heart.

THOMAS GREEN FESSENDEN.

On the appropriate marble monument of this Poet, at Mount Auburn, is inscribed the following: —

THOMAS GREEN FESSENDEN, died Nov. 11, 1837, aged 65. This monument is erected by the Massachusetts Society for promoting Agriculture — by the Horticultural Society of Massachusetts — and individuals, as a testimony of respect for the literary talents and acquirements of the deceased, and his untiring labors in promoting the objects of the above institutions.

MOUNT AUBURN, as a miser, gathers wealth
From the world's heap, not artfully, by stealth,
But shamelessly and open. Sits he now
Alone in winter's drapery, his brow
Circled by solemn trees, and contemplates
His gains, and those to come with which the Fates
Shall swell his hoard, already rich with store,
We knew not how to part with. Yet one more

Is added. Moral excellence and wit,
Talents not idly hid, worth that would sit
Gracefully on a king, the crown adorning, —
These have been stolen; this violence hath our
mourning.
Yet, Plunderer! there's hidden in thy womb
Nought but the casket, which, at trump of
doom,
Thou — saith the oracle of God — shalt render.
The jewel lodged above — who'll tell its
splendor!

REVOLUTIONS.

THE SANDWICH ISLANDS—FRANCE.

"Tidings, my lord the king!"
Cushi to David.

TIDINGS from the Sea! its isles
Centuries begirt in night,
Burnished by the day-spring's smiles,
Shine, the lovely pearls of light.

Tidings! tidings! ocean's King,
Who the islands in his hand
Taketh, as a little thing,
Speaks to sea and speaks to land.

Startled from his ancient prey,
Flies the vampyre, bird of blood;

Pe-le, vanquished, hastes to pay
  Holocausts alone to God.

Tidings! tidings! fast and far,
  Winds and waters urge them on,
From the occidental star,
  To the chambers of the sun.

Weepers o'er the slain, rejoice,
  And new vigor strongly draw,
Ye of Heaven-beseeching voice;—
  Now the pagan waits his law.

Where is gladness, God! to view
  Mau-i sitting at thy feet?
Temple domes of O-a-hu,
  Swelling over Satan's seat?

Broke the tābu's guilty power—
  Stilled the sacrificial drum—
Christendom! Jehovah's hour
  Seest thou, and art thou dumb?

Tidings! Gaul awakes at length;
In her thousands burns the flame,—
And an injured realm, in strength,
Rising, treads its foes to shame.

Tidings! tidings! Freedom's cry
Breaks forever Bourbon's trance;
And her broad tri-color, high,
Streams above thy lilies, France!

Hymns to Orleans' dawning glory!
Where the fleur-de-lis hath set!
Marble for the martyr's story!
Civic crowns for Lafayette!

Tidings thunder o'er the wave,
"Despotism goads no more!"
And the story of the brave
Rocks the transatlantic shore.

Speak to France our noble coasts,
Where congratulation waits,—

And a shout, the shout of hosts,
  Rings through these United States!

Yet, O God, when sceptres fall,
  Empires down to dust are hurled—
Thou wilt triumph—Lord of All,
  Throned above a ruined world.

1830.

THE QUEEN IN THE DISTILLERY.

The Glasgow Herald announces that the Queen, while in Scotland, visited the great distillery of Messrs. Begg.*

I WONDER English bayonets
  Flash not their wrath on high and low,
When She, who rules their lightning, sets
  Her foot in fortress of a foe;—
A darker direr foe than vailed
  Its standard at the British call,
When Bonaparte's planet paled—
  When fell down flat the Chinese wall.

* "Every public house and gin-shop rings with the story of the Queen's visit to the Lochnager Distillery; but no scribe has yet published all the facts of that visit. Each of the royal family was offered a glass of spirits. When Prince Albert was about to take a second mouthful, the Queen, taking hold of his arm, asked, 'Do you know what you are drinking, Albert?' On which he laid down the 'accursed thing.' When the Prince of Wales

I wonder, greatly, if not quails
  The mother's heart, and trembles lip,
When, merrily, the PRINCE OF WALES
  Of fiery whiskey takes a sip;—
Or if, by wizard second-sight,
  She sees no horrid vision pass
Of kingdoms crumbling in a night,
  Through princely ALBERT's second glass.

I wonder if VICTORIA's peep
  At this audacious despot, will
Show her what million subjects weep
  When Traffic arms to take and kill;—
And, if that vision may be seen,
  The noble Temperance flag unfurled,—

tasted the whiskey, he instantly sputtered it out of his mouth as if he had drank poison, emphatically inquiring, 'What's that, mamma?'—while no persuasion could induce the Princess Royal to taste the liquid fire. The Queen put the glass to her lips. But after all, the friend of morality and virtue will ever look upon this visit as an error in judgment committed by the Queen."—*British Banner*, 1848.

Its followers marshalled by a QUEEN,
For Caledonia and the world!

I wonder if my native land—
A sleeping giantess—will act;
And bid republics, kingdoms, stand
For Truth as one; from vice intact!
She may, she should;—my friend, she *will*,
When every freeman wakes "To Try;"
Though feeble, yet to crush the Still
Depends on such as YOU and I!

LAST WORDS OF CHRIST.

LAST WORDS OF CHRIST! There are none
such to him
Who has accepted Christ. Whate'er his lot
may be,
Whate'er his trials, toil, and sorrowing
On these low grounds, where pilgrims stay
a while,
He hears in all the animating voice
Of the Redeemer, and it says to him:
"Fear not! for when thou passest through
the fire,
I, even I, am with thee." Yes, in death,
Amid the tumult of the body's pain,
That Voice is heard, telling the sufferer
Of comfortings and of supportings, through
Jordan's cold waters; and its mellow tones

Linger until the last, then break in all
The ravishing, exulting airs of heaven.

Yet to the lost, there are, indeed, last words
Of Christ. The lost will ever think on these,
And in the ages of eternity
Will sharpened recollection call them up —
Depart, ye cursèd! What last words are these,
To dwell upon forever! — to recall
The melting melancholy tones of pity,
Mixed with severity of God, in which
The Son of Man pronounced eternal woe!

THE DEAF AND DUMB.

The Deaf and Dumb! — Tell me what heart
Of human mould, beats not with some
Kind throb, in which Heaven shares a part,
Of feeling for the Deaf and Dumb?

The Deaf and Dumb! We ask no voice
Of winning Eloquence, to plead
In their behalf, to bid rejoice
These innocents with pity's meed.

The Deaf and Dumb alone shall speak
In language that prompt nature knows; —
Shall bless you; yes, while down the cheek
Of tenderness the warm tear flows.

Theirs is a voiceless phrase, unknown
To grosser sense — the glad repeat

Of cherubs, round the shining throne,
  Hymning their love — is not more sweet.

The eye, through which the soul is seen,
  The bosom pulse of hope and fear,
The lamp of love, whose ray, serene,
  Kindles communion, holy, dear,

Are theirs. — Sweet ones! we pity not
  Your fate; of bliss the real sum
Is given to consecrate the lot
  Of Innocence, — the Deaf and Dumb!

THE THORN OF LIFE.

We see, in life's wide wilderness,
  Some plants of fair and varied mien;
Love's rose springs here, while there, distress
  The nightshade rank is seen.

With choicest care we cull the flowers
  All redolent of fragrant morn;
But while their beauty charms the eye,
  We feel the secret thorn.

And who is free from sorrow's thorn?—
  Joy's sparkling beverage dost thou sip?
Thou mayest; but soon the poisonous dreg
  Shall blast thy quivering lip.

Thy morning, gay, perhaps, hath shone,
  But hope too quickly plumed for flight;

At noon, the stern destroyer came,
  With disappointment's blight.

Hast friends? Thou hast; yet the last sun
  That saw thy bliss, hath seen the dart
Whose cruel fang shall pierce thy friend,
  And wring thy lonely heart.

Thy wife, thy offspring — whence that sigh?
  Too well I trace the secret tear, —
For thou, who wife and offspring knew,
  Hast wept upon their bier.

Love hath its chill, and Mirth the sigh;
  And who may boast a cloudless morn?
Mortal! that cull'st the flowers of life
  Think not to shun the thorn.

DEPARTURE OF THE ISRAELITES.

ON SEEING A PICTURE REPRESENTING THE ABOVE.

I GAZE, and gaze, and willingly confess
The Pencil's triumph. Breathe not, daring Muse!
Nor language give to trooping thoughts that press
For utterance. And methinks thou canst not choose
But to be silent; dreamingly to lose
Thyself in witchery of the olden times,
As Egypt's awful beauty, richly seen
In morn's gray softness, rises, and the chimes
Of feet, departing, ring—with joyous cries between.
While on the mighty caravan, the sheen
Of royalty, the century-telling pyramid,

And obelisk, and gods that frown in stone—
Dumb in the tumult—gazing—Fancy, chid,
Retires, to wonder and to weep alone.

Yet it is noble thus to contemplate
Almighty power. With what a majesty
Is God encompassed, while are seen the hate
Of wily priest, and wrath of tyranny,
Impotent to forbid, when He ordains!
No implements of war, nor chariots armed
Move the proud monarch. The same Voice that calmed
Chaos to order, tells of One who reigns,—
By whom kings reign; and once more hath that voice
Spoken to Pharaoh—and the first-born, *dead*,
Have also spoken—"Let the people go!"
In songs of glad deliverance they rejoice,
And by the rod of miracles forth led,
Depart; that pagan Egypt may Jehovah know.

LOVE.

Yes, life is but a waste,
A cheerless pathway, where
No healthy fruit allures the taste,
No flowerets balm the air,
If Love,
The wild rose, ne'er luxuriates there.

Love is a guide, when lorn
The wanderer is astray
'Mid dangers, and no star of dawn
To smile upon his way;
'Tis Love
Burns on thé cloud, the gem of day.

Along Affliction's coast,
Hard by Despair's grim shoal,
She shines on him, the tempest-tost,

The lighthouse of the soul;
And guides
Where storms wake not nor oceans roll.

O thou Inspirer! who
Didst lull my infancy,
And half life's rugged journey through
Hast still attended me,
I consecrate
My all to thee, — to only thee!

When pleasure's mellow note
Allured me to her bowers,
Thou bad'st kind dreams of fancy float
Along the white-winged hours;
Thy smile
Did strew existence' path with flowers.

The lightning crossed my way,
Thou camest, and in its scath

I but discerned the tempered ray
Of Love around my path, —
A pillar given
When all was tempest, night, and wrath.

Be nigh at the dread hour
Of nature's utmost need,
When unknown shadowy worlds appear,
And unreal scenes recede.
O, then the spirit cheer,
And bid it on its passage speed!

COMMON ORIGIN OF RELIGION.

"Among the Greeks, during their nocturnal mysteries, youthful virgins, having baskets full of flowers, with serpents in them, ran about all night, calling on the name of our first mother, '*Eva! Eva!*'"

For, as I passed by and beheld your devotions, I found an altar with this inscription, *To the Unknown God.* Whom, therefore, ye ignorantly worship, him declare I unto you.—*Paul on Mars' Hill.*

By Hebrew wanderers bade to know,
  Instructed they of Heaven—
The origin of human woe,
  The curse so early given—
The Greek—such single glimmering shown—
  Wove truth with fabling rite:
A sunbeam, flashing from the throne
  Upon his pagan night.

Yet not to his mythology
  Was sacred lore confined—

The print of true Religion, we
  On other altars find.
Wherever zeal had temples built
  To crown the idol-hill,
Where flowers were laid, or blood was spilt,
  Were seen her tokens still.

The Druid in his granite cave,
  The Egyptian in his hall,
He to his Fetish god a slave,
  And he in Veeshnoo's thrall—
Each brought the firstling of his store;
  Each, pressed by sense of sin,
Must, darkly, Deity adore,
  For dimmed was light within.

And where night wrapped the heathen shrines,
  His fealty to "THE UNKNOWN"
The pagan wrote in living lines
  Upon his altar stone;

To God, for whom misguided men
  Through ages vainly felt;
To God, unseen, yet worshipped, when
  In ignorance they knelt.

O, that which points above the stars
  Wherever man has trod —
To Him who shuts night, and unbars
  The morn — the very God, —
And spells in beams above the sun
  The name of Deity —
Is spirit, which can never shun
  Its Immortality.

If Christendom, made rich indeed
  With knowledge of the Cross,
To use it wisely gives not heed,
  How measureless her loss!
If stripes are his, who never saw
  Unfolded Mercy's plan,

How sorely visiteth the law
Enlightened, guilty man!

In the distribution of bread and wine at this high festival, the orthodox Spaniards, who first came into the country, saw a striking resemblance to the Christian communion, as in the practice of confession and penance, which, in a most irregular form, indeed, seems to have been used by the Peruvians, they discerned a coincidence with another of the sacraments of the Church. One is astonished to find so close a resemblance between the institution of the American Indian, the ancient Roman, and the modern Catholic! It is reasonable to refer such casual points of resemblance to the general constitution of man, and the necessities of his moral nature.—*Prescott's History of the Conquest of Peru.*

VERSES WRITTEN IN THE COMMERCIAL PRESSURE OF 1837.

O, SEEK not comfort from the *Wine*
In this thy bitter grief;
The mantling juices of the vine
Can yield thee no relief.
Nor seek, in thy extreme distress,
Oblivion from the bowl;
Thou shalt not there remember less
Thy agony of soul.

O, seek not, in this troubled hour,
The *Gambler's* cursèd den;
For once within his baleful power,
And farewell virtue then!
Nor to the unholy feverish heat
That gathers there, incline,

If thou wouldst not the burning beat
Of a maddened pulse were thine.

O, look not in gay *Pleasure's* lair
In such a time as this;
The blaze, the beauty, song, are there,
But not consoling bliss.
Nor in the ball-room's witching wiles
Nor place of glee have part,
For there thine artificial smiles
May veil a broken heart.

Thy hopes are dark.—Across the land
God hath a shadow thrown;—
Yet who'll rebuke the righteous Hand
That only smites His own?
From Him come judgments on our path,
From Him this grievous blow;
Yet rains not from his stores of wrath
Man's *self-inflicted* woe.

Submit! — there's sweetness in the thought
That He in love doth chide;
For avarice He this ill hath wrought,
Perhaps for foolish pride.
Yet this, and more that Heaven can bring,
'Twere easier to bear,
Than that which from remorse doth spring —
The soul's unmixed despair!

BEFORE ME LIES THE TROUBLOUS DEEP.

Before me lies the troublous deep,
Life's ocean, heaved by many a storm;
Behind me, hushed, the billows sleep,
Whose calm, wild winds no more deform.

I tempted Childhood's sparkling wave,
And careless toyed with danger nigh;

I trod upon the gaping grave,
And smiled at fear, yet knew not why.

In Youth I sought a brighter path,
Yet paused to gaze at Childhood's beam;
Fled was the angry lightning's scath,
For peaceful is Love's early dream.

What dangers press on Manhood's prow!
His bark is tossed by every gale,
The shoals of folly thicken now,
And perils rise and cares assail:

Yet Manhood past — how slight appear
The terrors strown on Manhood's way!
Night's cowering phantoms disappear,
And bright to memory shines the day.

Before me lies the troublous deep,
The sea that angry waves deform;
Yet Faith shall bid the billow sleep,
And Hope shall soar above the storm.

THE BIBLE FORBIDDEN.

THE BIBLE, free as winds of heaven,
This age to all the world has given.
To *all* the Word of Life? Yes! save
The hordes that wear the name of *Slave*,
And wear his bonds, and feel the rod.
For this, wilt thou not judge, O God?
Will not thy vengeance put to shame
The followers of the equal cross,
Who glory in the Christian's name,
Yet count a *brother's* soul as dross?

THE FORGOTTEN.

'Of the delusions incident to ill health, old age, or mental aberration, many are wild and grotesque. Of the former kind is an instance which we find recorded, that led to the self-destruction of a female in Silesia. She had reached the age of one hundred years. All her family having successively been conveyed to the tomb, she labored under the idea that God had forgotten to call her out of the world!"

To BE, and not to be! to live, and ne'er to die!
  How terrible an endless life below!
To be by Heaven forgotten, while rolls by
Century after century; and when
The weary sojourner would gladly yield
To long infirmity and fly the field,
And humbly ask, blest boon, to perish — then
  To hear, upon his hope, stern answer, No!
Friend after friend to see departing; deep
  Yawn the coy grave beneath, but not for *him*.
Over dead friends and lovely ones to weep —

The beautiful, the young, the lithe of limb;
Yet he to linger still; ay, watch yon sun
Wax old and die, yet live—the sad forgotten
one!

THOMAS SHEPARD.

"That gratious, sweete, and soule-ravishing minister, in whose soule the Lord shed abroad his love so abundantly, that thousands have cause to blesse God for him, even at this very day, who are the seale of his ministrey, and hee a man of a thousand, indued with abundance of true saving knowledge for himselfe and others; founder of the Congregational Church of Christ in Cambridge, died August 25, 1649, and was honourably buried there at Cambridge in New England."

SHEPARD—a worthy of the olden time,
Skilled in the heavenly craft, and well inclined
To serve his Lord with substance, body, mind—

Passed from Old England to this virgin clime,
Where he might freely breathe the breath of
Life;
And left behind the regions vexed with
strife,
To plant in peace the nursery that should rear
A flock for heaven.—SHEPARD was pilgrim
here!
And this fair spot he fertilized with tears;
And these green landscapes witnessed his
retreat
For wrestling prayer. Albeit, two hundred
years
On things that die have deeply writ their
name,
While on Mount Zion beauteous are his feet:—
Posterity revives and cherishes his fame.

THE BANDS OF PRAYER.

MEN meet as strangers, and as strangers part,
In pleasure, or in mysteries of the mart
  Engaged. In politics they mix, and deem,
In all, their comrades cold, and separate,
  Each in the other owning no esteem.
The world, indeed, is but a barren state!
The plants of kindliness, exotic there,
  Grow languidly and perish. Yet we see
Revealed from heaven, though not in heaven
    known—
For songs and not requests are rife before the
    throne—
A tie that binds Christ's brotherhood. They
    share,
  Herein initiated—though they be

Strangers, yet thus well known — the willing
knee;
And heart they bind to heart, in fellowship of
Prayer.

LAUNCH OF THE SHIP OF THE LINE PENNSYLVANIA, AT PHILADELPHIA. 1837.

LEAP from thy cradle to the seas,
O Ship of lofty name!
And toss upon thy native breeze
The stars and stripes of fame!
And bear thy thunders o'er the deep,
Where vaunting navies ride! —
Thou hast a nation's gems to keep —
Her honor and her pride.

O, sacred is the covenant made
  With thee and us to-day; —
None from the compact shrinks afraid,
  No traitor utters, "Nay!" —
We pledge our fervent love, and thou
  Thy glorious ribs of oak,
Alive with men who cannot bow
  To kings, nor kiss the yoke!

Speed lightnings o'er the Carib Sea,
  Which deeds of hell deform;
Then off! — for hands are spread to thee
  Where Afric's robbers swarm.
Go! lie upon the Ægean's breast,
  Where sparkle emerald isles;
Go! seek the pirate Suliote's nest,
  And spoil his cruel wiles.

And keep, where sail the merchant ships,
  Stern watch on their highway,

And promptly through thine iron lips,
  When urged, our tribute pay;
Yes, show thy bristling teeth of power,
  Wherever tyrants bind
In pride of their own little hour,
  A freeborn noble mind.

Spread out those ample wings of thine! —
  While crime doth govern men,
'Tis fit such bulwark of the brine
  Should leave the shores of PENN;
For hid within thy giant strength
  Are germs of welcome Peace,
And such as thou will cause at length
  Man's feverish strifes to cease.

From every vale and mountain-crag,
  Word of thy beauty 's passed;
And we are proud that Freedom's flag
  Streams from thy taper mast, —

Assured that in thy prowess, thou
For her wilt win renown,
Whose sons *can die*, but know not how
To strike that pennon down.

TO THE NEW YEAR.

THOU new-born Year! thou span yet undefined,
Portion of time unknown, I fain would greet
Thy opening dawn with salutation kind,
And would, reluctant, fleeting guest! entreat
With us sojourning, yet a longer stay;
Or wilt thou, like thy parent, haste away?

Thou new-born Year! why should the empty smile

Of foolish riot usher in thy name?
And why should dissipation e'er beguile
The sons of men, when Reason would proclaim
"Life is a vapor; hastening Time recedes;
Eternity is near with all its deeds!"

What art thou, passing shadow, but the note
That speaks, though dumb, existence' solemn knell?
Thy warning strains, though they unheeded float
Along our passage, to the traveller tell:
"Depart, poor pilgrim; leave this vale, unblessed;
Arise, ye giddy; this is not your rest."

Vision of future days, fair opening Year!
Thou evanescent! soon, alas, thy flight
Shall be the theme, for thou wilt disappear;

Thou too wilt slumber in the iron night
Of by-past ages, — on the hoary scroll
Be chronicled, whose page none may unroll.

Child of the past, — herald of years to come,
I greet thy entrance, for thou tellest me
In accent kind that soon my reckoned sum
Of months will be fulfilled, and I shall be
No more a wanderer in a sunless way,
Where disappointment droops beneath the
world's cold ray.

THE LATE REV. J. P., OF PHILADELPHIA.

There are many who fall on the fields of their
fame,
The warriors of Christ, that on earth have a
name
And a place in the glorious records on high,
Who live in applause and in triumph who die,
And sleep where their marbles to passengers
tell
How bravely they battled, how nobly they fell;
Yet none stir the depths of such feeling in me,
As rise, holy man! when I think upon thee.

There are scribes, well instructed, that rightly
divide
The word, and choice leaders to teach and to
guide;

There are those in the service, like cedars, how tall
And strong for the Lord, like the veteran Paul!
With lips whence the music persuasively flows
Of a mind that with fervor and eloquence glows, —
And yet *who* would buy their renown with one tear
That comes from the heart of the lowliest here?

I cannot forget, when but few or none cared
For a soul in the web of sin's artifice snared,
How kindly thou laboredst to free me — and now,
Though a robe 's on thy form and a light on thy brow,
And glory, where yesterday lingered decay,

And wings plumed around thee that bear thee
away
From sickness and sorrow — I cannot but
sigh
That one needed to live should so speedily
die.

I knew thee to love thee; but long ere I
knew
Thy faithfulness, goodness, and fellowship
true,
Thou didst follow my step while a stranger to
both
Thy God and thyself, and to holiness loath, —
Didst watch me and warn me, and show me
the way
Whence youth, just as heedless, unguardedly
stray —
Nor wearied, till peace, driven far by the rod,
I sought as one earnest, and found it in God.

There are hearts — perhaps hundreds — where
thou wast enshrined,
That will bleed at this blow — to the Giver
resigned, —
There are thousands whom thou to the Shep-
herd hast led,
And comforted, chidden, wept over, and fed;
And some, thy first fruits, have their toils
ended first,
And some, in bereavement, kneel here by thy
dust,
And a flock thou hast blest, and by whom
thou wert blest,
A widow! — the fatherless! — tears tell the
rest.

We muse on this trial, stern, grievous, and
strange,
And ask — while despondingly viewing the
change

Made where the death-angel has swept his
wide wing —
"Art angry, O Father?" — Complainings we
bring —
We plead in our trouble, "Wilt Thou, too,
depart!
The righteous man dies and none lay it to
heart:" —
Yet answer is given — "Away to his home
I've taken him only from evil to come."

"From evil to come!" — If the strength of
Thy host
Is broke, shall Thy cause not be counted as lost?
Yet no! when the faithful is called from the
field,
We'll hear but Thy Voice, "Cease from man
as your shield!"
And learning from him — who his sword has
laid down

To take a new harp and receive a glad crown—
We'll watch for souls wandering, and lead them above,
And spend and be spent, like Thy servant, in love.

"I heard," uttered John, "and a voice spake from heaven,
Blesséd hence are the dead unto whom it is given
To die in the Lord!" O, the light is not dim,
That beams in such blessedness now upon *him*,
Who, for trials through which he has sorrowing passed,
Has honor and glory and beauty at last,—
And for draughts often mingled with wormwood below,
The streams that from fountains of happiness flow.

1837.

SONG OF THE BIBLE.

The Bible speaks, that has spoken before,
  Though men have heard in scorn;
It speaks to-day, as it spake of yore,
  To all of Adam born:—

"I am speaking yet, I am speaking yet,
  As I spake long years ago;
And I bring down light to those that sit
  In the shadows of death below.

"The powers of Sin, they have leagued with men,
  To hinder my warning cry;
But in their dismay they have trembled, when
  My voice was lifted high.

"The infidel rose in his zeal, unblest;
  False philosophy deemed me a sham;

And its leader wore upon his crest,
'Ecrasez l'infame.'

"To his place has the scoffing infidel gone,
With Shaftesbury and Voltaire;
I am speaking yet,—his wail goes on,—
His wail of anguish—*where!*

"I've broken the iron slumber of years
Which the Papacy cast around me;
And I witness his tottering step and fears
Whose traditions would have bound me.

"I am speaking yet to Earth in sin
With more than mortal lungs;
Already to her nations, in
A hundred and fifty tongues.

"I'm found in the Eastern clime, where fast
The Hindu holds his chain;
And I'm seen in the North as bread that's cast
Abroad, to be gathered again.

"I go down in the ships and cheer the men
That traverse the mighty sea;
I go with the mission bands, and then
The Pagan is glad for me.

"To the dying fool who has bartered heaven,
I speak, as he gasps for breath,
Of gold that unto rust is given,
When it cannot save from death.

"To the poor and despised, yet rich in faith,
Whose love to Christ is much,
I speak, and my word of promise saith
That blessed for aye are such.

"To the proud I say, 'Let those that think
They stand, look, lest they fall,' —
But the trembling soul that fears to sink,
I raise above them all.

"To those that in the Tempter's hour
Have seen his dreadful shape,

I've said, 'For this, my sovereign power
Shall find some sure escape.'

"I am speaking yet, I am speaking yet,—
The secrets I've made known
Have caused the wretch his grief to forget,
And the king to forget his throne.

"One word of mine has planted the thorn
In the sinner's downy bed,—
And cheered the dreams of the just, forlorn,
When a dungeon wrapt his head.

"I am speaking yet,—my words of Life
Drop an immortal balm
For mortals, grappling in the strife
With Death's omnipotent arm.

"I soothe the father when distress
Wrings damps out on his brow,—
'Leave with thy God thy fatherless,
Thy widow with him now.'

"I speak to the fainting mother, when
Her last look tries to dwell
On all she loves and leaves; and then
How sweet is her farewell!

"I speak as the innocent babe goes home,
When it feels the icy touch, —
'O, fear not, little one! to come;
His kingdom is of such.'

"I am speaking yet! nor shall return
My message, void in time;
Nor when the last day's sun shall burn,
Or the stars' last hymn shall chime.

"I am speaking yet, — and I shall speak
When the heavens pass away;
And my foes will in their agony seek
To hide from that fearful Day!"

ANNUAL DAY OF PRAYER FOR COLLEGES.

THE LAST THURSDAY OF FEBRUARY.

O MOTHER, in those college walls
  Thou hast a precious son, —
A banqueter in Learning's halls,
  And yet by want undone.
He sits like Dives at the board
  Where jewelled vessels shine; —
His dainties from the rarest hoard, —
  From eldest crypts the wine.

What boots it that his table groans
  With loads of classic wheat?
As well feast craving mind with stones,
  As *only* on this meat.
What boots it on his robes are starred
  The gems and beaten gold,

If not to him may be unbarred
  The gates of wealth, untold? —

If not to him is oped the lid
  In which the soul may look,
And gather wisdom, never hid
  Within the Sibyl's book?
O, why is Science racked to give
  Her buried stores to man,
While Truth, which teaches how to live,
  Is put beneath the ban?

That morn he left thee, far to roam
  On life's uncertain way,
Far from a mother — far from home,
  What couldst thou do but pray?
Ay, prostrate on thy closet floor,
  What *didst* thou do but weep,
And plead that God, for evermore,
  Thy student-boy would keep?

Thou knewest the tossing ocean-world
  But little heeds his lot,
Who to its storms has sail unfurled,
  And recks the danger not.
Thou knewest that many a noble heart,
  As proud and glad as he, —
The light of home, — has Folly quenched
  In that tumultuous sea.

Ah! little didst thou deem of feet
  That ever lurk within
The Muse's most secure retreat,
  To draw her sons to sin; —
Or of the outward twining flower,
  Or pearl within the cup,
That wooes them at the unguarded hour
  To drink the poison up.

To prayer! to prayer! — a teeming cloud
  Is on the land this hour;

'Twill rise to heaven, and deep, not loud,
  Will be the plenteous shower.
Wilt thou not haste with eager joy
  And in its blessings share?
Wilt thou not for thy perilled boy
  Entreat? — To prayer! To prayer!

Go! for on *moments* of rich grace
  The world's high issues rest; —
Not only *he* may find the place
  Of mercy and be blest,
But thousands, through the mighty word
  Thy herald-son will bear,
Shall live for aye! — Art thou not stirred?
  To prayer! *this hour* to prayer!

GOLD.

WRITTEN WHILE THE CALIFORNIA GOLD FEVER WAS RAGING IN THE UNITED STATES — 1849.

For California! and the streams
  Whose tides roll over sands of gold: —
For riches, mocking Fancy's dreams,
  Go, empty hands, and spirits bold!

Yes, go, clay-worshippers! and take
  This royal path to reach your god;
What struggling beams around you break!
  What splendors point to his abode!

Go from the shop, the quay, the field;
  From loom and anvil, axe and awl;
Let Law, Religion, Physic, yield
  Their teachers at the earnest call.

Go, ye Pizarros! stout and true,—
  Ye cavaliers to plunder sold;
Go seek and sack a fresh Peru!
  Go ravish virgin realms of Gold!

Ay, ye are ready for the hunt!
  Ye've aptly learned, on Mexic soil,
In cruel siege and battle's brunt,
  To scent and take the shining spoil.

And Heaven, for such tremendous wrong,
  Has launched no bolt of wrath untold,—
But in its power and justice strong,
  Allures ye to your doom with Gold!

Pity! the conquest is acquired
  Without one laurel snatched from Fame;
No armies routed; cities fired;
  No valiant deed of blood or shame.

Yet onward! onward!—room is left
  For wrong and passion; truth is sold;

And such as ye, perchance, bereft
Of heart, may wade through crime for Gold.

Seek PANAMÁ'S resounding strand,
Where fainting wretches, on the way,
Yearn to devour the promised land,
And wait, and curse the long delay.*

Onward for Gold! — what coward feels
One parting pang? we give him scorn!
Onward for Gold! a hundred keels
Chafe ocean, eager for the "HORN."

Yes, march, ye braves! though drum and fife
Are silent, and no starry fold
Shall wrap the corse that falls in strife
With Sickness, Anguish, Death — for Gold!

* Six thousand gold-hunters are at this moment said to be congregated in Panama, waiting for passages to San Francisco. Several, who left the United States with ample funds, have returned home stripped of every dollar. *January*, 1849.

From our free air, from home and heaven,
All lost to pure contentment's bliss —
Rejecting jewels, kindly given,
Of Friendship's smile, and Woman's kiss —

Go, slaves of pelf! where tell wan lips,
And eyes that gleam with hate and sin,
The storms without that rack the ships
Are calms to those that rage within!

Sail on! sail on! — the Southern Cross
Is mirrored in PACIFIC'S wave; —
For life or death, for gain or loss,
For golden ingots, or a grave!

By instinct, disembowel earth, —
Like angels, once to treason sold, —
Who, led by Satan, lost their birth,
And, falling, tore up hell for Gold! *

* See Milton.

Dig deep! trust none! beware of men!
Those treasure-pits receive the dead;
Their depths shut out the curious ken;—
Who digs for Gold may kill for Bread! *

* *A Gold-Digger's Mercy.*—The following incident of gold-digging on the Sacramento is related by a correspondent of the New York Courier and Enquirer at Monterey: "Provisions are very scarce, and to obtain them many murders have been committed, or the purchase of them, at exorbitant prices, has indirectly, but eventually, led to murder. One story, relating to an affair of this kind, may deserve a place here. A man, who had what is called a good hole, had been digging incessantly for two days, when he was accosted by one carrying a bucket containing food of some kind. The whole of this the digger purchased for about one hundred dollars, in virgin gold; and, while devouring it, the man who had sold the provisions took possession of the hole. After finishing his repast, the gold-hunter ordered the fellow out; but, on his positively refusing to come, knocked his brains out with a pickaxe, took from his pockets the virgin gold that had purchased a meal, and then, dragging the body out of the hole, himself continued the digging. This, I believe, is really true—just as I have told it."

Immorality of Gold-Diggers.—The Washington Globe has another interesting letter from San Francisco, confirming the motley, desperate, and careless character of those collected in the California gold region. One passage in the letter we have read with much regret, which is: "Every man engaged in hunting

Long days of weary woe and want
  Await ye in the dismal mine;
Where Penury, Fear, and Famine, gaunt,
  Flit round you as ye Hope resign.*

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gold, and every one that visits the gold region, goes armed to the teeth. Scenes of violence occur; there is no security for life and property," &c.

Rapine and Murder in California. — Private letters received here from the gold mines of California are rather discouraging to those about starting for that region. They confirm the former reports as to the abundance of gold, but at the same time state that those who are in possession of the precious ore, in any quantities, are marked, and often soon after disappear. Even some that have attached themselves to trains leaving the mines have been robbed, and trains on their way there have been plundered. — *Boston Traveller.*

Is it strange, when the temptation is so great, that the robber and the assassin should be abroad among the mountains? Many robberies, and some murders, are known already to have occurred; but little attention is excited by these events where all are on the eager pursuit of wealth. No one can conjecture the extent of these outrages, for living witnesses are not at hand, and "dead men tell no tales." The strong and firm hand of government must be promptly extended to save the country from the most revolting acts of violence. — *Ibid.*

* *Gold-Hunting in Old Times.* — Washington Irving's "Columbus," says the New York Observer, may be profitably looked

Still proving how reverts frail man
To childhood, while the world grows old;
And that to interrupt God's plan
Is in the power of sordid Gold!

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into at the present times. The following passage is just in season: "Before relating the return of Columbus to Hispaniola, it is proper to notice some of the principal occurrences in that island, which took place under the government of Ovando. A great crowd of adventurers, of various ranks, had thronged his fleet—eager speculators, credulous dreamers, and broken-down gentlemen of desperate fortunes; all expecting to enrich themselves suddenly, in an island where gold was to be picked up from the surface of the soil, or gathered from the mountain brooks. They had scarcely landed, says Las Casas, who accompanied the expedition, when they all hurried off to the mines, which were about eight leagues' distance. The roads swarmed like ant-hills, with adventurers of all classes. Every one had his knapsack stored with biscuit or flour, and his mining implements on his shoulders. Those hidalgos, or gentlemen, who had no servants to carry their burdens, bore them on their own backs, and lucky was he who had a horse for the journey; he would be able to bring back the greater load of treasure. They all set out in high spirits, eager who should first reach the golden land, thinking they had but to arrive at the mines, and collect riches. 'For they fancied,' says Las Casas, 'the gold was to be gathered as easily and readily as fruit from the trees.' When they arrived, however, they discovered, to their dismay, that it was necessary to dig painfully into the bowels of

Then home, ye glutted few, return!
Pale spectres, o'er your gains to sigh,—
Ye thousands, in whose bosoms burn
Keen disappointment's fires—to die!

the earth, a labor to which most of them had never been accustomed; that it required experience and sagacity to detect the veins of ore; that in fact the whole process of mining was exceedingly toilsome, demanding vast patience, much experience, and after all being full of uncertainty. They digged eagerly for a time, but found no ore. They grew hungry, threw by their implements, sat down to eat, and then returned to work. It was all in vain. 'Their labor,' says Las Casas, 'gave them a keen appetite and quick digestion, but no gold. They soon consumed their provisions, exhausted their patience, cursed their infatuation, and in eight days set off drearily on their return, along the roads they had lately trod so exultingly. They arrived at San Domingo, without an ounce of gold, half famished, downcast, and despairing. Such is too often the case of those who ignorantly engage in mining; of all speculations the most brilliant, promising, and fallacious.'

"Poverty soon fell upon these misguided men. They exhausted the little property they had brought from Spain. Many suffered extremely from hunger, and were obliged to exchange even their apparel for bread. Some formed connections with the old settlers of the island, but the greater part were like men lost and bewildered, and just awakened from a dream. The miseries of the mind, as usual, heightened, the sufferings of the body. Some

wasted away and died broken-hearted; others were hurried off by raging fevers, so that there soon perished upwards of a thousand men."

Gold in California. — Mr. Benton, in his late speech in the Senate on the California Bill, speaking of the locations of gold washings in the gold regions, says, —

"These washings are called in Spanish *placer*, from the Latin *placere*, to please; because it is a pleasing thing to find the shining gold under one's feet. But it is a transient pleasure. There is no fee simple in it; there is not even a life estate in it — not even a lease for a year, a month, a week, or a day. The pleasure is soon gone. Exhausted *placers* now exist in New Mexico, formerly yielding much, now some twenty-five or fifty cents a day, and only pursued by the poorest Mexicans. Regular mining has followed there, and is now yielding considerable quantities. These washings of California are marvellously rich; for we have to believe what is certified to us by so many witnesses; but they are not the richest that ever were seen. Far from it. Those of Brazil, in the mountains back of Rio Janeiro, in the time of Lord Anson's voyage, say one hundred years ago, were far richer; and yet they have been exhausted so long that all memory of them is lost, and their history only lives in old books. Two millions sterling — ten millions of dollars — were annually sent to Europe, for years, from these washings. They were worked by slaves, who, to secure their fidelity and industry, were usually allowed by their masters all the proceeds of the day above a given amount; and in that way many slaves became rich, purchased their freedom, and then bought slaves of their own, lived in splendor and opulence, and laid the foundation of families. Yet these washings are exhausted, time out of mind; and so will be those of California; and the sooner the better. I am a friend to a gold currency, but not to

gold mining. That is a pursuit which the experience of nations shows to be both impoverishing and demoralizing to a nation."—*Traveller, Jan.* 22, 1849.

"How alarmed Jefferson and Washington would be to see their republic grown as large as Europe, triumphant in wars of aggression, and now poisoned by possessing mines like those of enervated Peru or despotic Russia!"—*London Spectator.*

[I hope these verses will not be taken as an expression of contempt for, or even indifference to, *Money.* I would not be understood as joining in the fanatical cry of "Away with it!" which argues always affectation or folly. Money is a blessing, equally with other indispensable gifts of God. The absorbing love of it, so congenial to utter selfishness, is what I rather design to rebuke. I am not quite prepared even to dispute the truth of the "conviction" hinted at in the annexed paragraph! "Let it not surprise you if I name, as a first illustration, the general devotion of our race to Money. This passion for Money is allowed to be a sordid passion,—one that is ranked in the least generous and most selfish of mankind; and yet a conviction has always been felt, that it must have its heat in the most central fires and divinest affinities of our nature. Thus the poet calls it the *auri sacra fames*,—sacra, as being a curse, and that in the divine life of the race."—*Buckminster's Phi Beta Kappa Oration*, 1848.]

THE BOSTON BOY.

During the delivery of the medals at the Franklin School, one of the youthful candidates, on receiving this symbol of approbation, overcome by his emotion, burst into tears.

I CANNOT choose but think this noble lad
Hath something great within him. This full tide,
That flows so freely, tells me that a spring
Of generous feeling wells up in his breast.
And these are precious tears! — a bosom glad —
A heart alive to just ambition's pride —
A spirit, that in eager strife will fling
Away all obstacles, are here confessed.
Go on! — the path is open; 'tis the same
In which trod Franklin and our Washington.

What hinders, that in future day *thy* name
Is with theirs named — undying honors won —
And thou, a parent's triumph, a republic's joy,
Who now — the modest victor — art a BOSTON BOY!

1837.

THE PASTOR'S RETURN.

WE, Lord, who on this Zion dwell,
A stranger's voice have lately known;
We followed, for the stranger well
Allured our footsteps to the throne.

And Thou, these Sabbaths, hast thy flock
Most kindly guarded, guided, kept;

And we, in comfort, near the Rock
  Have drawn, whose shadow on us slept.

To-day, of him — who long has led
  The little ones, and borne the weak,
And this whole fold refreshed and fed
  In pastures, and from springs — we speak,

With praise to thee, O Lord, for bliss
  That kindles heart and lip again;
Our earnest prayer for him! — to this
  Each heart and lip respond, "AMEN!"

1842.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

BEHOLD the groups that cluster there!
Children within the place of prayer.
Think of the future harvest's power,
Whose seed is planted in this hour, —
The BIBLE, LIBRARY-BOOK, the word
Of love, by which the heart is stirred; —
The many precepts, kindly given,
The many hopes that dews of heaven
May fall, refreshing, on the soil,
And crown, with large increase, the toil.
Think of the mass of mind thus trained,
And say, is not a victory gained
O'er Error, Bigotry, and Sin?
With arms like these, shall we not win?
Think, too, of those who, from their class,
As pupils, have been called to pass

To higher seats, where Wisdom dwells, —
To pastures, where the cool deep wells
Of living waters gush, and He,
The Shepherd, dwells eternally!

TRUE SYMPATHY.

Is IT to spurn at Sorrow's child,
When bitter woes assail,
While pressed by want, in accents mild,
It sobs its artless tale?

Is it to mock at heart-felt grief,
That shrinks beneath the storm?
With chilling frown withhold relief,
And say, "Be full — be warm?"

O, no! the sympathetic voice
Ne'er bade the poor depart;
It bids the weeping soul rejoice, —
It cheers the broken heart.

1819.

CALLED AWAY.

The mother, peacefully, had passed away —
As quiet starlight gently fades away
At rosy dawn — to bowers of sunny joy.
Her infant languished with us here a while,
Wept for its parent, turned away and smiled,
And gladly followed. One sweet girl was left;
The mother's image. 'Twas her pleasant task,
With childhood's prattle, to beguile the grief
That rested on her sire; and she would climb

Upon his knee and look into his face,
And ask for Mother; then would kiss away
The tear that came, unbidden, at the word;
And he was comforted.

On her sick bed
She spoke of her dear brother,—asking oft
If she might see him. "*Yes, and when I die*
And go to heaven, won't I, dear Papa?"
She said her hymn, and lisped her little prayer;
'Twas the last time—for ere another sun
Sank down into the west, she sweetly sank
Into His arms who said, their angels ever
Behold his Father's face in heaven.

And who,
Thinking of such,—a mother and her babes,
Safe gathered from life's evils,—free from sin—
Dwelling with Jesus;—who for *such* can mourn?

ON VIEWING TRUMBULL'S PAINTING OF THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

To free from chains a groaning land,
  Inspired by Right and Valor's flame,
On FREEDOM'S SCROLL the patriot band
  Inscribed Columbia's deathless fame.

Now ceased the clarion of war,
  A nation blooms on Slavery's grave;
Her starry banner floats afar,
  Her conquering navy ploughs the wave.

While robed in peace, true valor's meed,
  Columbia walks in generous pride, —
She ne'er forgets the glorious deed
  That stemmed and turned the haughty tide.

Though envious Time's unsparing hand
  Has bowed in dust the warrior's plume,—
Though slumber now the gallant band,
  Where living laurel decks their tomb;—

The Pencil speaks—again they breathe!
  We see their veteran forms again;
We see each patriot bosom heave,
  As heaved it on the battle-plain.

And wrapt in awe, we catch the flame
  That kindled by Oppression's spoil,
And swear no tyrant foot shall claim
  A rest on Freedom's native soil.

1818.

SIMEON'S PROPHECY.

The Temple of the Lord is still;
  Forsaken are the golden shrines;
Upon Moriah's holy hill
  The day-beam of Salvation shines.
And hark! a voice along her halls
  Is heard, in strains of prophecy:
"Awake, Jerusalem — thy walls
  Rebuild, thy glory draweth nigh.

"Now, Israel, shall thy tumults cease;
  Up, Judah, and with songs adore;
My waiting spirit! go in peace:
  Thou hast beheld — what need'st thou
    more?"
'Tis Inspiration's awful voice,
  The utterance of fleeing breath;

The spirit lingering to rejoice,
  When hovering at the gates of death.

Yes, favored one, 'tis thine to trace
  His lineaments who dwelt of old;
Those withered arms, in strong embrace,
  The HOPE OF ISRAEL enfold.
I see thee, man of wintry hairs!
  I see the lightning of thine eye;
I tremble, while its glance declares
  The mystic Godhead passes by.

Thou holy Seer! what visions rise,
  In long perspective, on thy soul;
Ages of glory meet thine eyes,
  And unborn years before thee roll.
Who would not die as thou didst die,
  Where Light and Life attend the bed?
Who would not wish, like thee, to lie
  Where blessings crown the faithful dead?

THE DEPARTED WIFE.

And thou hast fled, fair spirit! — True, the boon
Of thy perfections was too rich for earth: —
Yet we lament that worth so rare, thus soon,
Thus suddenly, is blighted. — Yes, the birth,
So promising, of thy mild graces, proves
For heaven. — The tomb conceals our fondest hope.
Yet in the heart's retirement, spirit! thou
Still liv'st. There contemplative fancy loves
Still to behold thee — with the unbounded scope
Of chastened love, there she beholds thee now.

Thou livest; — Faith discerns thee 'mid the choir

That minister above. Thy robes of white—
Emblem of the sweet purity that loved to
reign
Within thy bosom—tell that thou art one
Of the celestial sisterhood, whose lyre
Wakes the first song in heaven. The gems
of light
Sparkle around thee, while thou tread'st yon
plain
Of bliss, ineffable. O, who would shun
The invitation to his place on high,
Were it—like thee, to live—like thee, to die?
Thou'rt absent, blessed one!—but Memory
will
Imbody thee, and in his vigils, oft,
Shalt thou to thy bereaved, minister,
And calm his midnight anguish.—In the
dream
Of tenderness wilt thou address him. Soft
And soothing, holy one! will be the stir

Of recollections in his widowed heart; the theme
Shall solace him, for all of loveliness
That once adorned thee is around thee still.
O, sweet to him who treads life's wilderness,
A pilgrim-mourner, drooping and alone —
Art thou, kind Memory! thou canst gently pour
The balm of Gilead on the wounded: — thou
Canst chase the anguish from the sufferer's brow,
And bring to mind endearments known before.
Thou call'st thy vision! — she, who late had flown,
Returns again, and 'tis to heal the heart.
And she is near, and now a balmy smile
She gives to her belovéd, and a while
He, happy, feels not the soul-rankling dart.

Peace to the dead! — Beneath yon grassy
mound,
In slumber, thou reclinest; and so deep,
So calm and holy is thy rest, profound,
We would not, dare not break, sweet one!
thy sleep.
There rest! — and we will bid the wild flower
grow
Upon thee, and her green will Summer throw
Around thy bed. Nor shall the wintry storm,
Careering o'er thee, thy fair couch deform.
There rest, till reeling Nature's cries disclose
Hope's morn to them that peacefully repose.

1823.

THE CHILDREN'S RETREAT.

'Tis well to gather from your street
  The children of neglect,
And teach them, in this fair Retreat,
  To win deserved respect;
And train the twig, so early bent
  To vice, by culture kind;
And look for fruit of your intent,—
  The tree aright inclined.

'Tis well to snatch from Penury's den
  Its hapless child, and show
Humanity is godlike, when
  It softens human woe.
'Tis well—for ye of Misery's tomb
  Have burst the iron bars,
And called up slumbering Mind, to bloom
  Above the fading stars!

I marked each youthful eye, and saw
  High purpose kindle there;
I saw the future statesman, or
  One who shall venture where
The wise, in elder years, have stood;
  Or him, whose honors won
Shall throne his name among the Good,
  His country's choicest son.

Or, moulded here in honest ways,
  And led in ductile youth —
One who shall fearless go in praise
  And battle for the Truth;
Or go to prove how surely Peace
  Is genial to the soil,
When skill and care insure increase
  To crown the honest toil.

I read each look of intellect,
  And Heaven I thanked again,

That from lost hopes and households wrecked,
Such treasures yet remain;
And prayed that those who, still in tears,
Tread paths of want and sin—
The thousands of unripened years—
Might here be garnered in.

1837.

TO THE IDOLATER.

IDOLATER in darkness! we of light
Do humbly Christendom's neglect confess
Of her dear Lord's last message; and we bless
Jesus, who spares, nor frowns us into night
For this our sin, as righteously he might.
We hear, at length, your lamentable cry,

And the Church rises to your help. She arms
Her young men. Look! the kindling eye,
That brightens at the note of war's alarms,
The sinewy souls for whom stern Toil has charms,
The eager tread of those that go to die,
Tell of the men, who, counting earth as dross,
For you will gladly yield their latest sigh,
So God have glory — Hell have utter loss.

IS IT NOT A LITTLE ONE?

GENESIS, xix. 20.

Of all the varied cheats in life,
  To which misguided mortals run,
There's none with sorer evils rife,
  Than "Is it not a little one?"

When strong allurement leads astray,
  How fair the web by flattery spun!
The ready opiate smooths the way,
  Sure "Is it not a little one?"

Lean Avarice, to itself unkind,
  Would even life's best blessings shun,
And hoarding pelf deceive the mind
  With "Is it not a little one?"

The youth, deceived in Folly's maze,
  Health, fame, and fortune, all undone,
Too late the whispering cheat betrays,
  Of "Is it not a little one?"

Intemperance, murdering life and soul,
  Would fain reflection's moment shun;
And says, — replenishing the bowl, —
  Sure "Is it not a little one?"

Beguiled by Love's seductive strain,
  The thoughtless maiden is undone,
While listening to the falsehood, vain,
  Of "Is it not a little one?"

Beware, fond youth! its sad control;
  This fatal source of ruin shun;
Reflect in time, nor cheat the soul
  With "Is it not a little one?"

1819.

THE MOTHER OF LYMAN,*

A MISSIONARY WHO WAS KILLED BY THE NATIVES OF SUMATRA, IN 1835.

Poets, emulous of glory,
Love to tell the hero's story,—
Love to wake the martial cry,
"On, to death or victory!"
Then, in panegyric verse,
Proud Ambition's deeds rehearse.

* The mother of Lyman, said Rev. Dr. Humphrey, was a neighbor of his own, and some time before the news arrived of the catastrophe among the Battas, she had lost her husband, who died suddenly, and left her in charge of a large family. This widowed mother had scarcely returned from pouring out her tears over the grave of her protector and guide, when the intelligence arrived. It had been brought first to himself, and he had been, in consequence, requested to go and make to her the dreadful annunciation.

Passing *few*, the peaceful lays
Strung to lowly Virtue's praise;
Passing *few*, the plaudits given
To the deeds that breathe of heaven.
Yet, above the praise of men,
Looked our LYMAN'S mother, when
Tidings from the heathen came,
That another glorious name,
That another noble soul
Lives upon the martyr's scroll, —
Garnered safely — warfare done —
And that hero is her son!

"I trembled," said Dr. H., "as I went, and I said to myself, How will this mother, a widow in her weeds, with the tears hardly dry upon her cheek from the sudden loss of her husband, how will she, how can she receive this intelligence! I went and communicated it in the best way I could. The tears flowed freely, it is true; but O, what light shone through those tears! Almost as soon as she was able to say any thing, she exclaimed, 'I bless God who gave me such a son to go to the heathen, and I never felt so strongly as I do at this moment, the desire that some other of my sons may become missionaries also, and may go and teach the truths of the Bible to those savage men, who have drunk the blood of my son.'"

Yes, her spirit's thought had birth
Elsewhere, than with things of earth.
For earth never could impart
So magnanimous a heart.
Pagan page may never tell
Of a votary, who so well
Sacrifice of self could make,
For the God of Worship's sake.
Self-devotion, holy, true,
Which the Roman never knew, —
Self-devotion, all unpriced,
Which adorns the men of Christ, —
Self-devotion stayed her so,
When the sufferer in her woe —
Widowed yesterday — first knew
She was written *childless*, too.

Grief flows freely as she hears,
Yet a light shines through those tears;
And her praises unto God —

Who with blossoms clothes the rod —
Who from bitter, sweetness brings —
She, a Christian mother, sings.
Glorying in such a son,
Glorying that she had one
Freely willing to be spent
In the distant Orient; —
Willing, in his early spring,
Blooming buds and flowers to bring, —
Sacrifice of sweetest smell,
Which Jehovah loveth well.

Who, hereafter, doubts the world
Shall every where behold unfurled
Banners of our King? — *Who* fears
For the holy cause, that hears
Of this mother's quenchless zeal?
Who, that heareth, will not feel
Stirrings of the soul, engaging
Him to go where strife is raging? —

Buckling on the sword and shield!
Burning for the victor's field!

THE BETHEL FLAG.

O, BRING the peaceful banner nigh
Whose blason tells of holy love,
And spread the standard to the sky
Whose wavy folds reveal the Dove.

'Tis done; and on the soft winds now
I see its streaming curls recline,
And deem it as a second bow
Of promise, and the blessing mine.

Flag of the pure and azure heaven!
How lovely is thy bearing here—

Free as the breezes round thee driven,
  Is thy sweet errand on the ear.

Thou markest not the hurrying keel,
  Whose foamy path leads on to gold;
Thy nobler freighted barks conceal
  Gems Tyre and Tarshish never sold.

Thou leadest not the armed host;
  Thou art not in the battle's hum;
No trump sings of thee; round thee roll
  No thunders of the stirring drum.

But unto thee are gathered men
  Whose only panoply is prayer;
And where thou wavest, lofty hymns
  Discourse along the listening air.

Thou giv'st to patriot gaze no star
  Nor stripes, — a glorious augury;
Yet token of victorious war
  Thy beaming symbols seem to be.

For they type One, whose tempered shield
  Shook off the hurtling darts of sin,
When he trod once no doubtful field,
  Imperishable crowns to win.

They tell unto the ocean tossed,
  That He who spans its floods can save;
And that for him, the well nigh lost,
  The Ark yet lingers on the wave.

They herald joy to the oppressed,
  And ransom to the sons of thrall;
And shadow forth to labor rest
  In music of Salvation's call.

With voice of anthems to the skies
  Display the folds that tell of love!
The answering anthem's shout shall rise
  As they reveal the Holy Dove.

WHAT IS ETERNITY?

Go thou and mark the holy preacher's tones,
And fix thy gaze intently, as he lifts
The separating veil, and to thy sight
Unfolds the secrets of Eternity—
The bliss that knows no pausing—pains that roll
In whelming billows, ever, ever on.
Thou hear'st, thou seest, appalled; yet knowest not
To answer me, what is Eternity.

Go, bend thee o'er the impenitent sick one;
Mark well—'tis mortal sickness—the deep pangs
Expressed by nature's eloquence; the groans,
The tossings, writhings, the unutterable

Commotions of a body racked; a soul
Already steeped in hell; and as thou hear'st
The superhuman cry break fearful forth,
"O, what is this Eternity?" despair,
Despair, O man, to answer—thou know'st
not.

Go to the graveyard; seek out yonder tomb;
Descend; fear not; thou seest that moulder-
ing lid;
Now handle the dark corse; the clammy bones
Tell of corruption, tell of the foul worm
That long hath here held banqueting.
Hark! from this coffin, broken into dust,
These bones, these damps, this melancholy
gloom,
A voice, that asks: "What is Eternity?"
Canst thou reply? O no; thou know'st not
yet,
Nor learnest *here*, what is Eternity.

Go to! and, let God touch thee; let the grasp
Of sickness bring thee down unto the gates
Of death, and as thou shuddering seest, in light
Unknown before, the present, and the past,
And solemn future — though thy hopes on Him,
The Everlasting Rock, be built — though thou
Art safe through riches of His blood, and thou
Canst say, exulting, "Death! where is thy sting?" —
Yet, man! a veil is lifted up to thee,
Revealing things untold of, nor yet dreamed,
In the wide range of Providence to men.
And *now* thou canst reply, "Eternity!
More than the tongue can tell or thought devise;
More than imagination fathom; God! —
Eternal God! — 'tis Thy Duration all."

1830.

SICKNESS AND RECOVERY.

THOU wast brought down by sickness. In thy youth—
In thy fresh vigor—in the midst of toil
And usefulness, God touched thee. Racking pain
And conflict, sharp, came on thee. We beheld
Our leader taken from the wonted place
Of holy ministering, and on the bed
Of anguish cast,—yet sweetly there to teach
His flock, by patient willingness, to choose
A Father's will. We felt, in our deep need,
Already shepherdless. We feared that thou
No more unto thy gathered ones wouldst break

The living Bread, nor lead them by the streams
Of free salvation. But *for thee*, we knew
Our loss must needs be gain. We wept—we prayed.—
The secret sigh of those whom thou hast led
To Zion, broke forth for thee. The heart's cry,
So deep, so powerful, went up for thee.
God heard and answered; and his strong rebuke
Drove back the messenger that well nigh brought
Thy feet to Jordan's swellings.
Now, again,
We meet thee at the altar, where we bow,
A flock assured, and comforted, and glad.
And as we look upon thy wasted form,
And pallid brow, and mark of that stern strife

These tokens, — thoughts of gratitude to heaven
Are blended with the prayer, that needful strength
To serve thy Master longer, may be thine;
And long thy purity of heart and life,
That living comment on thy message, may
Be given unto our gaze. *For us* — that we,
Stricken, yet not destroyed, may rise and shine,
A living Church, a Pillar of the Truth.

1835.

SPAIN.

WRITTEN IN ANTICIPATION OF THE INVASION OF SPAIN, BY THE ARMIES OF LOUIS XVIII., IN 1823.

YES! march, ye forces, in array;
The Spanish soil invade;
Pounce, eager falcons, on your prey,
Draw forth the unrighteous blade.

Go, Autocrat! thou foe to man,
Go bind the free-born soul;—
And ye base kings, who dare not scan
His vengeance, bid it roll.

Yet know, the desolating tide
Ye, impious, loose again,
Back shall recoil to whelm your pride
From free unconquered Spain.

Go forth, ye slaves! although the light
Of victory gilds your plume,

That ray shall die in fearful night,
  Those laurels deck the tomb.

Enters within God's canopy,
  In mockery to the throne,
One hireling prayer of slavery?
  It enters not alone.

Ten thousand, thousand, as one heart,
  Spain! lift the prayer for thee;
Ten thousand thousand swords will start
  For Spain and Liberty!

Hear ye not voices?—'tis the shout
  That, kindling, swells on high;
See ye not light?—those brands are out,
  They flash upon the sky.

Sooner those tongues shall writhe in gore,
  Those swords be drunk with blood,—
Than Spain prove false to days of yore,
  False to herself and God.

Then onward, onward, vaunting band!
  Rear Slavery's symbol high;
Yet halt, proud legions! Freedom's land
  Is holy — touch and die.

C—— C——.

'Tis past — the voyage of life is o'er,
  The wanderer hails another clime;
On perils borne to yonder shore,
  He views afar the waves of Time.
The storm that muttered o'er his head,
  The flame that quivered round his path,
Are sweetly hushed; the cloud hath fled,
  And gone the angry lightning's scath.

'Tis past; and grief is changed to songs
  That angel-cordons love to hear;
The harp that to delight belongs,
  In softest murmur soothes his ear.
For secret sighs that rent his breast
  There's peace to seraphs only known,—
The tear that told the heart, oppressed,
  Is gemmed upon the eternal throne.

Blessed voyager! how happy thou,
  Safe moored within the port of peace;
Once heir of death—immortal now,
  Of pain—thy toils forever cease.
O, may I, too, thus sweetly rise,
  Thus tread yon bright empyrean free;
With joy regain those native skies,
  Secure at last in love like thee.

1830.

WHITE HILLS OF NEW HAMPSHIRE.

I SEE ye towering — Genii of the North!
I see ye stand, the monuments of Time,
Clad in the dread sublimity of years.
Well do I know ye by the frosty robe,
God's drapery, that wraps your giant forms.

Parents of Freedom! on your hoary heights
The fearless eagle makes her eyry, there
Plants her domain, approachless to the foe.
The hardy yeoman vent'rously is seen
With patient labor toiling your ascent,
Invading solitudes where fitful winds
Talk 'mid the pines; — he treads the dizzy cliff;
Thence, wondering, surveys the little world
Of forest, village, lake, that clothes your feet.

The sailor knows ye — nearing the rough
coast, —
From the tall mast, his lonely weary watch, —
Descries and greets ye as a long lost friend,
When your hoar summits, glittering to the
sun,
Seem to his gaze but fleecy summer clouds.

WILLIAM, HOWARD, EUGENE, AND AMANDA.

BEAUTIFUL blossoms, as ye seemed, my Boys!
And fragrant to the sense, sweet to the eye,
Ye were for other regions, and the sky —
Balmy and healthful, redolent of joys,
Where no sirocco comes nor storm annoys —

Received ye. There, unfadingly, ye bloom.
And thou, my Daughter! thy mortality
Dropped, unreluctant, that thou mightst assume
The garments woven for eternity,
Hast, too, in beauty, sought the silent tomb.
And now ye all, with your co-angels free,
Embrace each other in the better land,
Where is no candle, yet is known no gloom;
Where tears are wiped away by God's own hand.

MY COUNTRY.—SLAVERY.

Yet on thy lovely robe of light,
  Where starry gems in glory lie,
One spot is seen, that's dipped in night,
  One cloud yet stains thy brilliant sky.
'Tis Slavery—yes, the Negro's tear
  Has steeped the soil where martyrs bled;
His withering curse has met the ear,
  Breathed o'er the bones of Freedom's dead.
Farewell to Liberty for thee,
Till these, thy basely thralled, are free.

THE PRISON.

THEY have built ye firmly, frowning walls!
With the iron and the stone;
And cheerless is your prison-house,
Where the wretch may sigh alone.

Unto the lost one, here may years
Of grief unnoted roll;
Thou art, unsated sullen tomb!
The Bastile of the soul.

Within thy cold damp-dripping cell,
Unseen by human eye —
Methinks 'twere horrible to dwell,
Less horrible to die.

To know that the bright blessèd sun
It was not mine to see;

That spring should bloom and summer
smile,
Yet bloom nor smile for me —

To listen for the voice or tread
Of man, yet list in vain;
Thoughts of the dying and the dead,
Than these, were lesser pain.

Yet to the lost abandoned one
Cast out, and spurned of all, —
O'er whose fond hopes and early dreams
Despair has flung its pall, —

To him, the dead, is life revealed,
His dungeon walls are heaven,
When Mercy, breaking through the gloom,
Whispers, "Thou art forgiven!"

1821.

AFRICA.

God! while dusky Hindostan
  Sees the light that comes from Thee,
While no more Mahratta's man
  Gives to Boodh the knee, —
While again the Grecian hears
  In old temples, truth, profound,
While the Crescent disappears
  From Calvary's holy ground, —
Faithful Smyrna strives to cast
  From her, Age's rusty pall,
And for China word has passed
  That overleaps her wall —

God! shall not the Negro's land
  Be with life and freedom blessed?
Shall not Ethiopia's band

Enter into rest?
Shall Sahara's thirsty ranger
Never taste the rivulet?
Still shall Christendom the stranger
In the Moorish gate forget?
While thy Dove of Mystery
Every where is flying,
Will not leaves of healing be
Sent to Afric, dying?

Where a witch in wine the pearl
Melted, is thy Pearl forbid?
Shall not men the Cross unfurl
On the Pyramid?
May not upon night again
Open the immortal morn,
Where Cyprian taught, and Origen
Adorned the priestly lawn?
May not hamlets that festoon
Beautifully Niger's flood,

With old Memphis and Wednoon,
  Be given unto God?

On the twilight-nations look!
  Where the Crescent's beams prevail—
Shall they not, at thy rebuke,
  Pale, as stars at morning pale?
Wilt Thou not awake the dead?
  Captive lead captivity?—
May not elder Egypt spread
  Heart and hand to Thee?
Yes! the sword is on His thigh;
  Wrath and Mercy at His side,—
Bowing from the rended sky,
  God goes forth to ride!

1833.

THOMAS S. GRIMKÉ, OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

How many vegetate in idle life,
A worthless herd! Earth's listless cumberers;
Born only to consume her liberal fruits.
How many live in pleasure! seeking still
To gratify poor self, nor caring aught
For good or ill beyond. How many live
Only to vex society with crime!—
A multitude whose errand to our globe
'Twere hard to scan, save that they're instruments
Wherewith the Almighty doth in anger scourge.
And yet they live to tedious old age,
Useless, debased, the doers of foul sin,
At once the land's excrescence and its plague.

While others, who, to benefit their race,
Spend weary years, give their best energies,
And know existence only as a means
Of doing good, — studious and watchful still
That this fair world for them may be the better, —
Who, by sweet kindness, polish, learning, seem
To realize the thought of what men are
When purified and made as angels, —
Even in the midst of days and usefulness,
With all their honors green upon them,
Circled by our fond hopes and loves and prayers,
Are for our sins called hence. They die, —
And we are left to weep, and wonder how
Such worth and moral beauty could be spared.
Of this fair company wast *thou!* Of those

That build their monuments where Virtue
builds
Art *thou!*—and gathered to the dead we
deem
That thou wast lent us, just to show how
blest
And lovely is the life that lives for all.

1834.

SHE MAY NOT DIE!

The only art her guilt to cover,
To hide her shame from every eye,
To give repentance to her lover,
And wring his bosom, is — to die.

Goldsmith.

Ah, no! Compassion, yet imploring,
With balmy lip will soothe the sigh;

While Pity bends with look, restoring,
  The hapless maiden shall not die.

The thorn of guilt may pierce the sinner,
  Repentance will succeed the smart;
Religion's holy smile shall win her,
  And Mercy heal the wounded heart.

M. B. T. AND H. B. T.

JUST thirteen years, our Eldest Son!
  It is, since that which gave thee birth,—
And thou, a little helpless one,
  Opened thine eyes on this fair earth;—
And tall and comely now thou art,
  And many a rising hope have we,
That all the fond parental heart
  Can ask of good, 'twill find in thee.

And thou, our Second! the twin-boy,
  Left early by thy brother here,—
For whom is mingled with our joy
  For thy glad presence, Memory's tear,—
In thy eleven summers past,
  Thou'st been a pleasant child, and thus,
Like a sweet bird of song, hast cast
  The melody of peace round us.
The morning wish for both,—the prayer
  That mingles with our good-night kiss,—
Rise, that in better worlds ye'll share
  The joys that tarry not with this.
Linked in your loves, life's checkered way,
  We deem, will be in safety trod,
If, resting on a moveless Stay,
  Ye, sons of ours, are Sons of God!

MORTALITY.—IMMORTALITY.

I saw some workmen toil the other day—
'Twas in St. Mary's churchyard,—on a tomb,
Which they were rearing for new tenantry.
And, to prepare it, they had delved a vault,
Some six feet square, and more than twice that depth,
Just in the heart of this dense burial-place,
Where every foot of the rich earth is fattened
With human dust, and bones lie intermixed
With the green mould, as thickly as in charnels.
The men were somewhat rough,—over their task
Swearing and jesting, making plenteous mirth
Of the poor fragments which they shovelled up.
So I approached them timidly, and looked,

And saw, along the sides of the deep trench,
Dark niches, each of which had been a grave;
And some were empty. As I gazed, I saw
A coffin at full length, imbedded fast
In the hard clay. The sharp spade in descent
Had shaven off the side of the deal chest,
Admitting daylight on the sleeping dead.
And what a sight! — In duskiness and damp,
Mildew, and noisomeness of sad decay,
Reclined the skeleton. It had been there
For years — the flesh all gone, the crumbling bones
Disjointed. Long ago the pampered worm
Had had his feast, and died. Years had rolled by,
Since, with the tears of kindred, these remains
Were lodged in their dark chamber. Those who wept
Had also gone. None told me of the dead.
I nearer looked, and saw what once had been

Another coffin; but the turning up,
Rudely, of the heaped earth, had crushed it in;
And coffin, bones, and dust were blended all
In loathsomeness. Apart, I saw the skull;—
'Twas small and delicate;—and the next spade
Threw up a mass of long, dishevelled hair.
It was a woman's form that thus was flung
Carelessly from its bed to open day.
The hair was firm, luxuriant, and beautiful,
And still retained its glossy, golden hue,
Even in decay, and saturate with damps.
Once it descended on an ivory neck,
And the young wearer little deemed that plucked
From the fair head on which it grew, 'twould serve
To fill the shovel of a laborer.
And little recked she, tresses, among which
The fingers of a lover once had played

Delightedly, should be the sport of such,
And thus be tossed and handled, and let fall
Quickly, as they were poisonous. Away
I went, and pondered my MORTALITY.

* * * * * * *

I held his hand; —
'Twas chilly cold, yet softly he returned
My pressure. On his pallid brow sat damps,
And on his quivering lips the dew of death
Had gathered. Over him his anxious wife
Leaned tearfully. His little ones were there;
And silent neighbors stood apart to see
How manfully the Christian might gird up
His loins, and welcome Death.
I asked him then
Of hopes beyond the grave; if in this hour
Its Conqueror was nigh, and if he saw,
With Faith's clear ken, the Star that ever burns
Upon the tomb's dark confines, still to cheer

The soul, departing? and if aught he heard
Of music, which breaks forth celestially
On ears that unto earth are shut? And these,
His precious ones — could he leave *these?* He looked
Most sweetly upward, murmuring gently, "All,
All, *all* for Christ! — Grave, where's thy victory?
O Death, where is thy sting?" — and peacefully,
With that last word, he fell asleep. I thought
The narrow house for him could have no dread;
He feared not death, nor sad corruption. He'll
Sleep very pleasantly where Jesus slept; —
His mortal IMMORTALITY puts on.

PHILADELPHIA, 1836.

TAHITI.

A vessel, laden with New England Rum, saileth for the Georgian Islands, where abide Missionaries. One of the crew beguileth the night watch with a song of cheerfulness.

MERRILY foams the dark blue sea,
As hasten we along;
Merrily beams the boundless heaven,
Whose stars discourse in song.

Cape Horn! we're doubling now thy front
Of tempests,—now, in pride,
Upon Pacific's gentle breast,
Behold our good ship ride!

Our ship—the breeze hath filled her wings;
Storms have locked up their stores;
And luck betided, since she left
The bold New England shores.

Merrily o'er the dark blue sea!
  For fairy isles, that sleep
In beauty on the placid wave,—
  The jewels of the deep.

TAHITI!—we praise men that bowed
  The missionary knee;—
Men that, long years, watched, warned, and
    wept,
  And prayed and toiled for thee.

Why fainted they on thy stern soil?—
  Why found they there a tomb?—
'Tis seen in rising marts, where now
  The fruits of Commerce bloom.

Their honest purpose smoothed our path;
  They heralded our way;
They've sown the seed, and we will reap
  Rich harvest, while we may.

Merrily sail we! — let good men
  Labor to ease the curse, —
Our alchemy transmutes their toil
  To ingots for the purse.

Merrily sail we! — praise to Him
  Who rules the world! we're free; —
What's the world for, but to yield forth
  Its gold, to such as we?

Merrily sail they! — and the Fiend
  Laughs loud and long, as come
Men, MEN! *to drench these lovely isles*
  In Hell's last potion, RUM!

IN THE COUNTRY.

O, WHO would not shun the hurrying din
That riots, proud city! thy walls within?
Who would not turn his pilgrim feet
From the crowded hall to the calm retreat?
And climb with the sun his native mountain?
And seek at noon the favorite fountain?—
Let such, with his joys, be far from me,—
I give, simple scenes, my love to ye.
Away, away from the fevered mart,
Where Avarice rules in the slavish heart;
Where all is soulless and all is cold,
Save love of self and love of gold,—
I hasten from the enchanter's spell,
To scenes where Nature delights to dwell;
To the clime of my earliest, brightest dreams;
Where, on ruder hills, by purer streams,

Through sunnier vales, 'twas mine to roam,
Than thought ever imaged;—it was my home.
Yes, land of my childhood! dear art thou,
New England! dearer to fancy now,
Than when, as thy mountain breezes free,
In the laughing hours of infancy,
From fields and floods 'twas mine to borrow
Bliss for to-day and hope for the morrow.
And here, where, along romantic shores,
Her waters Connecticut proudly pours,—
Where the yellow and purple harvest is seen,
Gorgeously waving o'er meadows of green;
Where the village spire in sunset shines;
Where Health is a frolicker 'mid the pines;
Where the village bell is heard, in a tone
Of sadness, as it seems to moan
In music, along the valley and hill;—
Here, in the bosom of all that's still,
And pure, and holy, the wanderer knew
The smile of love and the greeting true.

Who would not shun the hurrying din
That revels, proud city! thy walls within?
Who to the domes of the proud would stray,
When the heart and its joys are far away?

THE OMEN.

A DARK cloud sailed along the sky,
  Charged with the thunder and the rain;
Slowly it sailed along, and I
  Gazed on the traveller with pain.

Now rising — seeming now to dip,
  Proudly, withal, and wondrous fair —
It passed, like some majestic ship,
  Along the buoyant paths of air.

I often have beheld the clouds,
  In solemn pageant, sweep along,
And gazed, where God himself enshrouds,
  And listened to the tempest's song.

But this one was so dread to see,
  I looked and shuddered—looked and
    sighed,—
Yet deemed not grief so near to me;—
  That very night my sweet babe died.

TEXAS. — 1837.

Admit her to the Union? — Yes!
  If our democracy can bow
To kings, and is prepared to kiss
  The loathsome hem of tyrants now;
From principles that years have tried
  If thus we fall, no longer men,
And to our fathers' deeds of pride
  Are recreant, why — admit her, then!

If names that moved us move no more,
  And we, degenerate, are ashamed
Of Freedom and her battles' lore,
  And leave her worthies to be blamed;
If Bunker Hill flings up reproach,
  And Lexington 's the mock of men, —
Bid them "God speed" who would encroach
  On justice, and — admit her, then!

If HANCOCK, ADAMS, WARREN, were
  Deluded fools that chased a dream,
And WASHINGTON ambitious, where
  The patriot's sword was said to gleam;
If all the bright green spots that mark
  The veteran's bed, by brook and glen,
Hide traitors,—on their memories, dark
  Deep curses rest,—admit her, then!

If Slavery's foul and damning spot
  Must here increase, like Ahab's cloud,
Blackening the firmament, till not
  One star shall blaze upon the proud;
If thus, a spectacle of scorn
  To nations, we're content,—let men
Lift up the consummated horn
  Of infamy—admit her, then!

But if the loud, indignant cry,
  Heard round the world, has power; if soon

Must midnight Error droop and die,
  And Truth stand out to burning noon;
If down Time's ages lives our land,
  The proudest last retreat for men,
Her flag by Freedom's breezes fanned,—
  Ye'll not—ye can't admit her, then!

NOW is the time, and NOW'S the hour!
  Through our republic's breadth and length,
From hall and cot from town and tower
  Let answer go in Virtue's strength,
And peal far round the startling cry—
  "We, whose old fathers struck the blow,
We, who for Freedom dare to die,
  In million voices, thunder—NO!"

VERSES

TO THE AUTHOR OF "A VOICE FROM THE MAIN DECK."

In every line of this thy book
  Simplicity and Truth I see;
Cold eyes, perhaps, may on it look; —
  It opens Feeling's fount in me.

The ills of orphanage, the blight
  That falls upon the youthful flower, —
The scorn of pomp and pride, the slight
  That waits the crushed by Penury's power;

Life's wingéd storms that ceaseless beat,
  And wound the weary wandering dove,
That rest has none till safe retreat
  She finds within the Ark of Love, —

I've read and pondered — read and wept —
And thought, What can the stricken do —
By cruel winds and waters swept —
But hasten to such Refuge too?

We're wanderers, all, of land or sea;
On ship and shore Life's storms increase;
Yet who'll complain, that may like thee
Drop anchor in the port of peace?

I thought, too, in the darkest hour
That ever wrapt the earth or deep,
HOPE hath indomitable power
The tempest-driven soul to keep.

Our straining sails we reef or furl,
In haste the angry wrath to slip, —
Yet, ceased of elements the whirl,
Our canvass clouds again the ship.

Our compass from its silent track
In Grief's cold latitudes may veer, —

But quickly flies the needle back
When to Affection's clime we steer.

And O, how sweet to think, while crowd
These earthly sorrows round us so,
That we, who to the blasts have bowed,
Shall rise where only zephyrs blow!

TO A HALF-BLOWN LILY.

Beauteous blossom! welcome here!
Lily that I love so well;
Fairest of the gay parterre,
Lily of the silver bell!

In the low sequestered dale,
Sheltered from the mountain storm,

Sweetest of the sylvan vale,
  Spring unfolds thy slender form.

Lovelier, thou, of spotless hue,
  Shrinking from the gaze of light,
Than the rose which loves to show
  Conscious beauty to the sight.

Partly thus thy charms concealed —
  Type of modesty art thou;
To the graces, half revealed,
  We, delighted, willing bow.

Bloom, O bloom, thou lovely flower!
  Fairest of the laughing dell;
Queen art thou of Flora's bower!
  Lily of the silver bell!

1820.

O, WHAT IS LIFE BUT SOME DARK DREAM.

O, WHAT is Life but some dark dream
From which we wake to sigh? —
A false uncertain meteor's gleam,
That sheds a wandering cheerless beam,
And brightens but to die?

O, what are fleeting joys below,
But cares bedecked with smiles? —
The pageant of an empty show,
That fain would gild or hide the woe
From him it thus beguiles?

And what is Sorrow's secret tear,
But kindly dew of Even? —

A drop, pellucid, glistening here,
To sympathy, to virtue dear, —
Quickly exhaled to heaven!

1818.

WE ARE TOO COLD FOR THOSE WHOSE LOVE.

We are too cold for those whose love
Should centre, Lord! alone in Thee;
And like the generous flames above,
There glow and shine eternally.

We are too mute for those that soon
Expect to sing in temples, where
The light is one all glorious noon, —
The hymn is that which worlds will share.

We are too trifling, whose brief walk
  Is to the tomb's forgetfulness;
Along whose chambers comes no talk
  Of the earth's giddy nothingness.

We are too faithless for the men
  Whom God hath girded to the fight;
Whose victory 's only certain, when
  The armor of Belief is bright.

We are too proud for those whose sin
  Brought the veiled God to weep below,
And feel the malison within,
  Due only to his ingrate foe.

We are too grovelling, whose high aim
  Should look away from earth to heaven;
O Christ! to our acknowledged shame
  Let thy redeeming robe be given.

PILGRIMAGE OF THE DEAD.

A rich Jewess, who lately died in London, directed, by her will, that her body should be taken to Jerusalem by twelve of her friends, (Jews,) to whom she left £400, each, for their trouble.

Up, and away for Palestine!
  Away, and with the Dead embark!
The soil I covet to be mine,
  Where slumber Seer and Patriarch.
Away! Away! my pilgrim feet
  Have long in weary wanderings trod;
In thee I seek a last retreat,
  Clime where my fathers worshipped God!

O land of beauty, desolate!
  Who now to trump and song shall tell
Thy triumphs? for the scornful hate
  And smite thee, hapless Israel!
And God hath hid his face from thee;

Thy God, whose pillar led thee on,
Heeds not where base ones bow the knee
In mockery of the Holy One.

And who unto thy hill shall roam?
Alas! no glory beckons there;
Where thy first temple heaved its dome,
The haughty Moslem calls to prayer.
O royal Salem! David's seat!
The queen of cities sattest thou,
When humbled nations at thy feet
Laid gorgeous spoil;—what art thou now?

Yet dear art thou, Jerusalem!
Though trodden as the olive, wild,—
Of cities still the glorious gem
Unto thy stricken, weeping child.
Away! too long the wanderer
Hath tarried with the Gentile band;
Ye palms of Judah, shelter her!
Receive her ashes, native land!

THE MINSTRELS OF JUDAH HAVE GONE TO THEIR REST.

The minstrels of Judah have gone to their rest;
The song and the tabret no longer are heard;
The watchmen of Zion with slumber oppressed,
Repose where in wrath the Assyrian appeared.

And the beauty of Israel, forgotten, has fled,
And darkness envelops Jerusalem now;
No night-lamp illumines the place of the dead,
Save the Star that beams lonely on Olivet's brow.

'Tis the Star of the Shepherd! and long has it shone
With the gems of the morning, on Galilee's plain;
'Tis the herald of Bethlehem! but pale now and lone
Is the purest and loveliest of Night's silent train.

Shall the herald of Bethlehem in sadness appear?
The symbol no longer on Solyma shine?
Shall the Star of the Shepherd, once lovely and clear,
Die away o'er the mountains of fair Palestine?

Rejoice! for the Daughter of Judah no more
Shall array her in sackcloth, O Zion, for thee;

Thy light has arisen! from Egypt's dark shore
It shines in its strength to Gennesaret's
sea.

VILLAGE SUNDAY SCHOOL CELEBRATION OF FOURTH OF JULY.

Our fathers rose in Peril's day
To die, or life and land to free;
O, Thou! who nerv'dst them for that fray,
The arms and victory were from Thee;
And Thou that didst for them decree
Safe passage through the angry host,
Savior from chariot and from sea—
Thou art the God in whom we boast!

Upon our fair and favored land
Descends abundance in a shower;

And many a bright and joyous band
  Their banners rear to Peace this hour;
Convened beneath our leafy bower—
  The turf our shrine, the sky our dome—
We praise Thee, Thou Protecting Power!
  For blessings past—for hopes to come.

And Lord! from thy pavilion shine
  Upon the offering, as Thou'st shone;
And be each heart's inscription thine,
  To God Unseen, yet not unknown!
And O, propitious from Thy throne
  Of starry light, behold us now;
And let the thought of Thee alone
  Possess our bosoms as we bow.

Long look, and kindly, on the soil
  Once watered with the Pilgrim's tear;
And grant that all their prayers and toil
  May yield to Thee a harvest here;

And as thy hand metes out the year,
Bless thou the ruled and those that rule;
And O, our God! be ever near
In love, to bless the SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LEAVE THY FATHERLESS CHILDREN.

COME hither, my sweet babes!—this is the hour
Your sainted father gathered ye around
In happy circle. Come! and we will join
The accustomed evening prayer; and though he kneels
With us no more, his spirit lingers near,
And gladly will behold us.

Open now
God's Book — the treasure of rich promise,
where
Are garnered jewels for the orphaned one, —
Yes, for the widow precious comfortings
Richer than wedges of the hidden gold.
"Leave," saith He, "Leave thy Fatherless,
and I
Will safely keep them, and to my right arm
Let thy sad widows trust."—This is *our* MINE!

TREMONT TEMPLE.

FORMERLY TREMONT THEATRE, IN BOSTON. WRITTEN ON THE OCCASION OF ITS BEING OPENED FOR RELIGIOUS WORSHIP.

THE Pencil's art and Chisel's skill
Has Taste compelled around this shrine,
Where Genius and where Wit, at will,
Once held the sense with charm divine.

These altars, heaped with Pleasure's spoils,
Henceforth shall airy Pleasure shame
With — costlier than her gums and oils —
The heart that fears Jehovah's Name.

The Tragic and the Comic Muse
To meek Religion yield the throne;
The flower that drank Castalia's dews
Will blush and bloom for God alone.

Thanks, holy Savior, that such change
  Involves no sacrifice of bliss, —
But rather that the Drama's range
  Affords no happiness like this.

For Knowledge wakes a smile to-night,
  That surely speaks of Hope and Heaven;
And if a tear reveal its light,
  It sparkles joy for sin *forgiven*.

THE DEW OF HERMON.

Our Church surveys the field, and keeps
  The bond of union strong;
Broadcasts the seed in prayer, and reaps
  The harvest with a song.
In Adam found, she sees the stains
  Of unbelief and pride; —
Yet, deluged from the Savior's veins,
  They're lost beneath the tide.

No blush of gorgeous morning tells
  'Tis time her hosts should rise,
And break the deep, lethargic spells
  That hold the slumbering eyes; —
For Peace on them her starry seal
  Loves joyfully to write;

And, seen of all, the lines reveal
With her 'tis always light.

Truth comes — the thunder-voice that shakes
The citadel of sin; —
The quick-cross-lightning bolt that breaks
The stubborn rock within; —
Yet on the heart the winning word
Of sweet persuasion falls;
And 'mid the terrors of the Lord
His mightier Mercy calls.

They come not like the cloudy rack,
Bold journeyer of the sky, —
But as the timid doves, that back
To their home windows fly; —
And quietly, as those who shun
The follies loved before,
The happy converts — one by one —
Are entering Zion's door.

And prayer, imbued with hopes and fears, —
  Nor rash, nor loud, nor long, —
Wells up in penitence and tears,
  For utterance all too strong.
And here and there a glistening eye
  The inward fount reveals;
And with soft breath the frequent sigh
  Around in music steals.

'Tis no Revival in the term
  Spasmodical, to crown
Aspiring labor — though a worm
  Might bring the unction down; —
Nor waits the Church a certain hour
  Of angel-troublings here; —
Her gracious Lord with healing power
  Is present all the year.

And she believes, though o'er her head
  Now by the Holy Ghost

No Wing of Mercy is outspread,
As at the Pentecost,
That converts, to the Savior won,
In numbers seeming few,
Will spangle Earth, as in the sun
'Tis gemmed with morning dew!

1849.

TO THE SHORTER CATECHISM.

THE Abbey Church to curious eyes
  Its archives shows of MEN, I wis; —
The grave Assembly and their wise
  Prolocutor, the Reverend Twisse; *

Who challenged Error long ago; —
  The Men who bucklered for the fight;
The Men who went in prayer to sow
  The seeds of Day in fields of night;

Whose fruits attest two hundred years. —
  With thee, what recollections come,

* The first day of July, 1643, having been appointed for the meeting of the Assembly, the members of the two houses of Parliament, the divines, and a great congregation besides, being met in the Abbey Church, in Westminster, Dr. Twisse, the appointed prolocutor, preached to them from John xiv. 18, "I will not leave you comfortless." — *History of the Westminster Assembly of Divines.*

O MANUAL! linked to smiles and tears,
And all the heaven of early home.*

Epitome of precious truth,
Condensed in every line and word,

* It has often been said, by judicious men, that a better summary of the orthodox faith could not be penned, than the Shorter Catechism of the Westminster Assembly of Divines. It has been the vehicle of conveying to the minds of millions, for two hundred years, nearly, a concise but comprehensive view of the doctrines of the Reformation. Though often committed and repeated, by many who never seriously consider the truths which it contains, yet it is exceedingly important to have such a form of sound words lodged in the memory, especially if committed, as it should be, in connection with some of the clearest and strongest proof-texts, on which the doctrine of each answer is founded, that all may understand that their faith should rest on the word of God, and not on the authority of men. But where this Catechism is judiciously used by parents and pastors, the truths contained in it will be doctrinally understood; and even if the catechumen should lead a life not conformable to the precepts here inculcated, yet, at a future day, these neglected and resisted truths may be the means of the sinner's conviction, and a most important light to guide him to salvation, under the influence of the Holy Spirit. — *Ibid.*

The Shorter Catechism, according to Rushworth, was presented to the Assembly, November 5, 1647. — *Ibid.*

Inwoven with incipient Youth,
  And all that Childhood saw and heard.

I greet thee, now that years are ripe,
  By thy old-fashioned, honest name;
The title-page, Italic type,
  In every thing but age the same.

I greet thee by the wondrous power
  Association loves to sway,
And which, in retrospection's hour,
  We all so willingly obey.

For with thy simple name come up
  The memories of the household shrine,
On which I poured as true a cup,
  As e'er was pressed from Pleasure's vine.

That shrine — the dear domestic hearth,
  Where — governed by affection's rules,
Which take from head and heart their birth,
  — Exists the first, the best of schools.

For there the searcher fruits may find
  Which Intellect and Love have sown;
There soul coöperates with mind,
  And that is Woman's lawful throne.

My Mother — O, how aptly spring
  The thoughts of *her* with thoughts of *thee!*
For every truth to which I cling
  Of thine, I learned upon her knee.

Nor I alone — we children knew
  The hour, when she, with happy art,
Would please and nourish, as we drew
  The milk of knowledge from her heart.

When twilight veiled the Sabbath days,
  We clustered round her — boys and girls;
From her sweet lips, thy rugged phrase
  Dropped pure and beautiful as pearls.

From her sweet lips we drank each word,
  Though strangers to its deep intent:
Our faith was mighty, as we heard; —
  'Twas only good our Mother meant!

'Twas only good — for Man's Chief End
  Is not to compass wealth or lore; —
But, making God a present Friend,
  To win his favor evermore.

Immortal truth! who loves it well
  Hath riches that with Heaven endure;
'Tis bought by Lazarus, ne'er to sell;
  Without it Dives is but poor.

Ay, poor! though on a diamond-throne;
  Ay, rich! though but the scum of earth;
I clasp the treasure for my own —
  Mine from a Puritanic Birth.

My birth! the pivot on which all
  Turns, that I am, or e'er shall be —

The present liberty or thrall,
  The future bliss or bale for me.

My birth! how bright the mercy shines,
  That giving me of life the breath,
In pleasant places cast my lines,
  And not within the shades of death!

For when my eyes beheld the day,
  'Twas not in pagan night afar,—
But on my cradle fell and lay
  The wondrous depths of Bethle'm's Star.

They bathed with floods my baby-feet;
  Around my Youth the glories ran;
They showed me Error's gloomy cheat;
  They safely lighted me to Man.

How fast the coming fancies crowd!
  I see once more that humble dome;
I see my sire in worship bowed,—
  The gray-haired, hallowed Priest of Home.

I see my mother's smile — the light
  Reflected from my radiant joy,
Which omens all that's blessed and bright
  Of hope and promise for her boy.

I hear my mother's voice, — 'tis low, —
  The music that so oft beguiled,
When tired, or ill, my tears would flow; —
  Again I weep — again a child.

Again I sit upon her knee;
  I feel her hand upon my head;
I lisp my prayer; she kisses me;
  I'm left with "angels round my bed."

O sacred power! to mould and make
  That which outlives the lasting sky;
Time shall the systems crush and break,
  Yet Influence sees his ages die.

I praised my Maker when, impressed,
  I traced his finger on the world,

In seas that slept, or heaved their crest,
  In clouds that o'er me sailed or curled.

I praised Him, when the welcome shower
  Filled May's expanding buds with rain;
And when His cold with giant power
  Held sad December in its chain.

I praised Him for the wealth of friends,
  For toil, and rest, and daily food;
For all He takes, and all He lends;
  For all his bounty, large and good.

But for my birth—of mercies first,
  The balance-poise of Heaven and Hell,
The cause that lives when I am dust—
  Speak, heart! thou, tongue! forever tell.

* * * * * * *

Ye spirits on the hyaline!
  Do ye not group in clusters, fair,
And to some Patriarch, benign,
  Repeat THE CATECHISM there?

1848.

THE PUBLICAN.

"And the publican, standing afar off, would not lift up so much as his eyes unto heaven, but smote upon his breast, saying, God be merciful to me a sinner."—*Luke* xviii. 13.

STROPHE.

TAX-GATHERER! scum and offal of the nation!
A publican, accursed, what dost thou here?
None but the chosen may in gladness offer,
None but the accepted give the tear,

Where the Shechinah bathed the courts in glory.
HE—Blessed be HE!—notes thy thought of sin,
Thy outward guilt, uncleansed by blood or hyssop:
What canst thou aught but torments win?